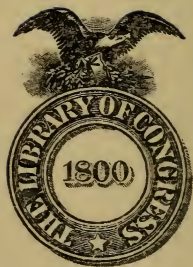


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LADY OF THE LAKE.

THE
BEAUTIES

OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT,

AND
THOMAS MOORE, ESQUIRE;

SELECTED FROM
THEIR WORKS;

WITH
HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES.

By **B. F. FRENCH,**

*Author of "Lives of Distinguished Americans," "Memoirs of
Eminent Female Writers," "Beauties of Byron," &c.*

"Historical Collection of Louisiana"

TENTH EDITION—ENLARGED.

PHILADELPHIA:

1828.



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Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:



BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the first day of September, in the fifty-second year of the independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1827, Benjamin F. French, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"The Beauties of Sir Walter Scott, and Thomas Moore, Esquire; selected from their Works; with historical and explanatory notes. By a Gentleman of Philadelphia. Second edition, corrected and improved."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned"—And also to the act entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, "An act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,

Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born at Edinburgh, on the 15th of August 1771, and is the eldest son of the late Walter Scott, Esq., an eminent advocate of that city. In his early youth, he displayed a considerable taste and genius in drawing landscapes from nature, but was neither remarkable for liveliness of disposition nor aptitude for learning. At a proper age he was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, and from thence to the University, where he completed his education in a manner that reflected the highest honour on the different professors of that distinguished institution. After the lapse of a short time, he turned his attention to the study of the law, and was admitted a member of the Scottish bar before he had attained the age of twenty-one.

In 1798, he married a Miss Carpenter, and before the close of the following year, he was appointed sheriff depute of the county of Selkirk. In March,

1806, he was appointed one of the principal clerks of the Sessions in Scotland. Being now relieved from the drudgery of professional labour, by the acquisition of two lucrative situations, and having about this period succeeded to the possession of a valuable estate on the death of his father, he was enabled to cultivate his taste for poetry, and to indulge in a variety of literary pursuits. His first publications consisted of translations from the German, which were afterwards followed by two ballads, entitled, "The Eve of St. John," and "Glenfinlas." In the year 1802, Mr. Scott published his first great work, "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which attracted general attention. This was followed by "Sir Tristram," and in 1805, he gave to the world his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," one of the most beautiful poems in any language, and which of itself is sufficient to hand him down to posterity. In the following year, he published a collection of "Ballads and Lyrical Pieces," which was followed by "Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field," which the author has himself characterized as containing the best and worst poetry that he has written. In 1808, he favoured the world with a complete edition of the works of Dryden, to which he prefixed a new life of that great writer, and interspersed many curious and extensive notes. While these volumes were proceeding through the press, he also found time to bring out a quarto volume of "Descriptions and Illustrations of the Lay of the Last Minstrel." The rapidity of his pen was now beyond all example in the annals of genius. In 1809-10, he undertook to edit a new edition of "Lord Somers's Collection of Historical Tracts," and at the same time "Sir Ralph Sadler's

State Papers," and "Anna Seward's Poetical works;" while in the same year in which these publications appeared, another original poem, "The Lady of the Lake," was ushered into the world; a poem which raised the fame of its author to the highest pitch. In 1811, appeared "The Vision of Don Roderick;" in 1813, "Rokeby," and in the following year, "The Lord of the Isles," together with "The Border Antiquities of England," and a new edition of "Swift's works," with a biographical memoir and annotations. The Waverly novels, "The Bridal of Triermain," and "Harold the Dauntless," originally published anonymously, have been acknowledged by him, and printed uniformly with his other works.

In 1821, Sir Walter Scott was created a Baronet by his present majesty, and he has also been elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

Wm. F. F. F. F.
Thir.

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BEAUTIES OF SCOTT.

THE
BEAUTIES
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LADY OF THE LAKE.

As if again
She thought to catch the distant strain,
With head up-raised and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art.
In listening mood she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

And ne'er did Grecian chissel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had died her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow;

A

What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear.

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or wo or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer;

Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the north.
One only passion, unrevealed,
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame;—
O need I tell that passion's name!

THE SYLVAN HALL,

It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device;
Of such materials as around
The workman's hand had readiest found
Lopped of their boughs their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the walls their destined height,
The sturdy oak and ash unite;
While moss and clay and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.
The lighter pine-trees over head,
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And withered heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy.
Due westward, fronting to the green,
A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The Ivy and Idæan vine,
The clematis, the favoured flower,
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower;

And every hardy plant could bear
Loch-Katrine's keen and searching air.
An instant in this porch she staid,
And gaily to the stranger said,
"On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall."

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee."—
He crossed the threshold—and a clang
Of angry steel that instant rang.
To his bold brow his spirit rushed,
But soon for vain alarm he blushed,
When on the floor he saw displayed,
Cause of the din, a naked blade
Dropped from the sheath, that careless flung
Upon a stag's huge antlers swung;
For all around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase;
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-ax, a hunting spear,
And broad-swords, bows, and arrows store,
With the tusked trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns:
Pennons and flags defaced and stained,
That blackening streaks of blood retained,
And deer-skins dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur and seal's unite,
In rude and uncouth tapestry all
To garnish forth the sylvan hall.

FITZ JAMES' DREAM.

THE stranger's bed
Was there of mountain heather spread,
Where oft an hundred guests had lain,
And dreamed their forest sports again.
But vainly did the heath-flower shed
Its moorland fragrance round his head;
Not Ellen's spell had lulled to rest
The fever of his troubled breast;
In broken dreams the image rose
Of varied perils, pains, and woes.
His steed now flounders in the brake,
Now sinks his barge upon the lake :
Now leader of a broken host,
His standard falls, his honour's lost.
Then, from my couch may heavenly might
Chase that worst phantom of the night!—

Again returned the scenes of youth,
Or confident undoubting truth;
Again his soul he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged,
They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday.
And doubt distracts him at the view,
O were his senses false or true!
Dreamed he of death, or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now!

At length, with Ellen in a grove,
He seemed to walk and speak of love;
She listened with a blush and sigh,
His suit was warm, his hopes were high.
He sought her yielded hand to clasp,
And a cold gauntlet met his grasp;
The phantom's sex was changed and gone,
Upon its head a helmet shone;
Slowly enlarged to giant size,
With darkened cheek and threatening eyes,
The grisly visage, stern and hoar,
To Ellen still a likeness bore.—
He woke, and panting with affright,
Recalled the vision of the night;
The hearth's decaying brands were red,
And deep and dusky lustre shed,
Half showing, half concealing all
The uncouth trophies of the hall.
Mid those the stranger fixed his eye
Where that huge falchion hung on high,
And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along,
Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
He rose and sought the moonshine pure.

The wild rose, eglantine, and broom,
Wasted around their rich perfume;
The birch trees wept in fragrant balm,
The aspen slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Played on the water's still expanse;
Wild were the heart whose passion's sway
Could rage beneath the sober ray.

He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
While thus he communed with his breast:
“Why is it at each turn I trace
Some memory of that exiled race?
Can I not mountain maiden spy,
But she must bear the Douglas eye?
Can I not view a highland brand,
But it must match the Douglas hand?
Can I not frame a fevered dream,
But still the Douglas is the theme?
I’ll dream no more—by manly mind
Not e’en in sleep is will resigned.
My midnight orison said o’er,
I’ll turn to rest, and dream no more.”
His midnight orison he told,
A prayer with every bead of gold,
Consigned to heaven his cares and woes,
And sunk in undisturbed repose;
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
And morning dawned on Ben-venue.

MALCOLM GRÆME.

OF slender frame,
But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme.
The belted plaid and tartan hose
Did ne’er more graceful limbs disclose;
His flaxen hair, of sunny hue,
Curled closely round his bonnet blue:
Trained to the chase, his eagle eye
The ptarmigan in snow could spy!

Each pass, by mountain, lake and heath,
He knew, through Lennox and Monteith;
Vain was the bound of dark brown doe,
When Malcolm bent his sounding bow,
And scarce that doe, though winged with fear,
Out-stripped in speed the mountaineer:
Right up Ben-Lomond could he press,
And not a sob his toil confess.
His form accorded with a mind
Lively and ardent, frank and kind:
A blither heart, till Ellen came,
Did never love nor sorrow tame;
It danced as lightsome in his breast,
As played the feather on his crest.
Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth,
His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,
And bards, who saw his features bold,
When kindled by the tales of old,
Said, were that youth to manhood grown,
Not long should Roderick Dhu's renown
Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,
But quail to that of Malcolm Græme.

LOCH KATRINE.

GLEAMING with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch-Katrine lay beneath him rolled;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light;

And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Ben-venue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Craggs, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world ;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch-Katrine blue ;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled, but dimpled not for joy ;
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest ;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to fancy's eye.
The water lily to the light
Her chalice oped of silver bright ;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dew-drops, led her fawn ;
The gray mist left the mountain side,
The torrent showed its glistening pride ;
Invisible in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry ;
The black bird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush ;
In answer cooed the cushat dove,
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

LOVE.

TRUE love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.

It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

OLD AGE.

How few all weak, and wither'd of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse
To sweep them from our sight. Time rolls his cease-
less course.

I'm an old oak, from which the foresters
Have hew'd four goodly boughs, and left beside me
Only a sapling, which the fawn may crush
As he springs over it.

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY'S eyes should ever be
Like the twin stars that soothe the sea;
And beauty's breath should whisper peace,
And bid the storm of battle cease.

MEETING OF LOVERS.

WHEN lovers meet in adverse hour,
'Tis like a sun glimpse through a show'r,
A wat'ry ray, an instant seen,
The darkly closing clouds between.

CONTENTION.

ILL fares the flock,
If shepherds wrangle when the wolf is nigh,

MUSIC.

WE
Have sat since midnight close
When such lulling sounds, as the brooklet sings,
Murmur'd from our melting strings,
And hush'd you to repose.

Had a harp note sounded here,
It had caught my watchful ear,
Although it fell as faint, as shy
As bashful maiden's half-form'd sigh.

HER gift creative
New measures adds to ev'ry aid she wakes;
Varying and gracing it with liquid sweetness,
Like the wild modulation of the lark,
Now leaving, now returning to the strain.—
To listen to her is to seem to wander
In some enchanted labyrinth of romance,
Whence nothing but the lovely fairy's will,
Who wove the spell, can extricate the wanderer.

BRIAN, THE HERMIT.

A HEAP of boughs was piled,
Of juniper and rowan wild,
Mingled with shivers from the oak,
Rent by the lightning's recent stroke.
Brian, the hermit, by it stood,
Barefooted, in his frock and hood;
His grisled beard and matted hair
Obscured a visage of despair;
His naked arms and legs, seamed o'er,
The scars of frantic penance bore.
That monk, of savage form and face,
The impending danger of his race

Had drawn from deepest solitude,
Far in Benharrow's bosom rude.
Not his the mien of Christian priest,
But Druid's, from the grave released,
Whose hardened heart and eye might brook
On human sacrifice to look.

And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore
Mixed in the charms he muttered o'er;
The hallowed creed gave only worse
And deadlier emphasis of curse.

No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,
His cave the pilgrim shunned with care;
The eager huntsman knew his bound,
And in mid chase called off his hound;
Or if, in lonely glen or strath,
The desert-dweller met his path,
He prayed, and signed the cross between,
While terror took devotion's mien.

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.
His mother watched a midnight fold,
Built deep within a dreary glen,
Where scattered lay the bones of men,
In some forgotten battle slain,
And bleached by drifting wind and rain.
It might have tamed a warrior's heart,
To view such mockery of his art:
The knot-grass fettered there the hand,
Which once could burst an iron band;
Beneath the broad and ample bone,
That bucklered heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest,
The field-fare framed her lowly nest;

There the slow blind-worm left his slime
On the fleet limbs that mocked at time;
And there, too, lay the leader's skull,
Still wreathed with chaplet flushed and full,
For heath-bell, with her purple bloom,
Supplied the bonnet and the plume.
All night, in this sad glen, the maid
Sate shrouded in her mantle's shade:
She said, no shepherd sought her side,
No hunter's hand her snood untied,
Yet ne'er again to braid her hair
The virgin snood did Alice wear;
Gone was her maiden glee and sport,
Her maiden girdle all too short,
Nor sought she, from that fatal night,
Or holy church or blessed rite,
But locked her secret in her breast,
And died in travail, unconfessed.

Alone, among his young compeers,
Was Brian from his infant years;
A moody and heart-broken boy,
Estranged from sympathy and joy,
Bearing each taunt with careless tongue
On his mysterious lineage flung.
Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale;
To wood and stream his hap to wail,
Till, frantic, he as truth received
What of his birth the crowd believed,
And sought, in mist and meteor fire,
To meet and know his Phantom Sire!
In vain, to sooth his wayward fate,
The cloister oped her pitying gate;

In vain, the learning of the age
Unclasped her sable-lettered page;
E'en in its treasures he could find
Food for the fever of his mind.
Eager he read whatever tells
Of magic, cabala, and spells,
And every dark pursuit allied
To curious and presumptuous pride,
Till, with fired brain and nerves o'erstrung,
And heart with mystic horrors wrung,
Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,
And hid him from the haunts of men.

The desert gave him visions wild,
Such as might suit the Spectre's child:
Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,
He watched the wheeling eddies boil,
Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes
Beheld the river-dæmon rise;
The mountain mist took form and limb,
Of noontide hag, or goblin grim;
The midnight wind came wild and dread,
Swelled with the voices of the dead;
Far on the future battle-heath
His eye beheld the ranks of death;
Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurled,
Shaped forth a disembodied world,

STAG HUNT.

THE Stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,

And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade ;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

As chief who hears his warder call,
"To arms ! the foemen storm the wall,"—
The antlered monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But, e'er his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook ;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky :
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh ;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

Yelled on the view the opening pack,
Rock, glen and cavern paid them back ;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered a hundred steeds along,

Their peal the merry horns rung out,
A hundred voices joined the shout :
With hark and whoop, and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cowered the doe,
The falcon from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern, where 'tis told
A giant made his den of old :
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant stayed per force,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse ;
And of the trackers of the deer
Scarce half the lessening pack was near ;
So shrewdly, on the mountain side,
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

The noble Stag was pausing now,
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Monteith.

With anxious eye he wandered o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And pondered refuge from his toil
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.

But nearer was the copse-wood gray,
That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Ben-venue.

Fresh vigour with the hope returned,
With flying foot the heath he spurned,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more ;
What reigns were tightened in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge in air,
Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith,
For twice, that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant Stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reached the lake of Vennachar :
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel ;
For, jaded now, and spent with toil,
Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The labouring stag strained full in view.

Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game ;
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toiled the blood-hounds stanch ;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.
The hunter marked that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deemed the stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barred the way ;
Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes ;
For the death-wound, and death-halloo,
Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew ;
But, thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared,
The wily quarry shunned the shock,
And turned him from the opposing rock ;
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosach's wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.
There while, close couched, the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

Close on the hounds the hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanished game;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs to rise no more;
Then, touched with pity and remorse,
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.
"I little thought, when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
That highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
Wo worth the chase, wo worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant gray!"

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limped, with slow and crippled pace
The sulky leaders of the chase;
Close to their master's side they pressed,
With drooping tail and humble crest;
But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle note.
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream,
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seemed an answering blast;
And on the hunter hied his pace.

BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

It was a night of lovely June,
High rode in cloudless blue the moon,
Demayet smiled beneath her ray;
Old Stirling's towers arose in light,
And, twined in links of silver bright,
Her winding river lay.
Ah, gentle planet! other sight
Shall greet thee, next returning night,
Of broken arms and banners tore,
And marshes dark with human gore,
And piles of slaughtered men and horse,
And Forth that floats the frequent corse,
And many a wounded wretch to plain
Beneath thy silver light in vain!
But now, from England's host, they cry
Thou hear'st of wassail revelry,
While from the Scottish legions pass
The murmured prayer, the early mass!—
Here, numbers had presumption given;
There, bands o'ermatched sought aid from Heaven.

On Gillie's hill, whose height commands
The battle-field, fair Edith stands,
With serf and page unfit for war,
To eye the conflict from afar.
O! with what doubtful agony
She sees the dawning tint the sky!—
Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,
And glistens now Demayet dun;
Is it the lark that carols shrill,
Is it the bittern's early hum?

No!—distant, but increasing still,
The trumpet's sound swells up the hill,
With the deep murmur of the drum.
Responsive from the Scottish host,
Pipe-clang and bugle-sound were tossed,
His breast and brow each soldier crossed,
And started from the ground;
Armed and arrayed for instant fight,
Rose archer, spearman, squire, and knight,
And in the pomp of battle bright
The dread battalia frowned.

Now onward, and in open view,
The countless ranks of England drew,
Dark rolling like the ocean-tide,
When the rough west hath chafed his pride,
And his deep roar sends challenge wide
To all that bars his way!
In front the gallant archers trode,
The men-at-arms behind them rode,
And midmost of the phalanx broad
The Monarch held his sway.
Beside him many a war horse fumes,
Around him waves a sea of plumes,
Where many a knight in battle known,
And some who spurs had first braced on,
And deemed that fight should see them won,
King Edward's hosts obey.
De Argentine attends his side,
With stout De Valence, Pembroke's pride,
Selected champions from the train,
To wait upon his bridal-rein.

Upon the Scottish foe he gazed—
—At once, before his sight amazed,
 Sunk banner, spear, and shield;
Each weapon-point is downward sent,
Each warrior to the ground is bent.
“The rebels, Argentine, repent!
 For pardon they have kneeled.”—
“Ay!—but they bend to other powers,
And other pardon sue than ours!
See where yon barefoot Abbot stands,
And blesses them with lifted hands!
Upon the spot where they have kneeled,
These men will die, or win the field.”—
—“Then prove we if they die or win!
Bid Gloster’s Earl the fight begin.”—

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high,
 Just as the Northern ranks arose,
Signal for England’s archery
 To halt and bend their bows.
Then stepped each yeoman forth a pace,
Glanced at the intervening space,
 And raised his left hand high;
To the right ear the cords they bring—
—At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,
 Ten thousand arrows fly!
Nor paused on the devoted Scot
The ceaseless fury of their shot;
 As fiercely and as fast,
Forth whistling came the gray-goose wing,
As the wild hail stones pelt and ring
 Adown December’s blast.

Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide,
Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide;
Wo, wo to Scotland's bannered pride,
 If the fell shower may last!

Upon the right, behind the wood,
Each by his steed dismounted, stood
 The Scottish chivalry;—

—With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,
Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain
His own keen heart, his eager train,
Until the archers gained the plain;

 Then, "mount, ye gallants free!"
He cried; and, vaulting from the ground,
His saddle every horseman found,
On high their glittering crests they toss,
As springs the wild-fire from the moss;
The shield hangs down on every breast,
Each ready lance is in the rest,

 And loud shouts Edward Bruce,—
"Forth, Marshal, on the peasant foe!
We'll tame the terrors of their bow,
 And cut the bow-string loose!"

Then spurs were dashed in chargers' flanks;
They rushed among the archer ranks.
No spears were there the shock to let,
No stakes to turn the charge were set,
And how shall yeoman's armour slight
Stand the long lance and mace of might?
Or what may their short swords avail,
'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of mail?

Amid their ranks the chargers sprung,
High o'er their heads the weapons swung,
And shriek and groan and vengeful shout
Give note of triumph and of rout!
Awhile, with stubborn hardihood,
Their English hearts the strife made good;
Borne down at length on every side,
Compelled to flight they scatter wide.—
Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee,
And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee!
The broken bows of Bannock's shore
Shall in the green-wood ring no more!
Round Wakefield's merry may-pole now,
The maids may twine the summer bough,
May northward look with longing glance,
For those that wont to lead the dance,
For the blithe archers look in vain!
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en,
Pierced through, trode down, by thousands slain,
They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

The King with scorn beheld their flight.
"Are these," he said, "our yeomen wight?
Each braggart churl could boast before,
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore!
Fitter to plunder chase or park,
Than make a manly foe their mark.—
Forward each gentleman and knight!
Let gentle blood show generous might,
And chivalry redeem the fight!"—

To right-ward of the wild affray,
The field showed fair and level way;

But, in mid-space, the Bruce's care
Had bored the ground with many a pit,
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,
That formed a ghastly snare.
Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,
With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,
That panted for the shock!
With blazing crests and banners spread,
And trumpet-clang and clamour dread,
The wide plain thundered to their tread,
As far as Stirling rock.
Down! down! in headlong overthrow,
Horseman and horse, the foremost go,
Wild floundering on the field!
The first are in destruction's gorge,
Their followers wildly o'er them urge;—
The knightly helm and shield!
The mail, the acton, and the spear,
Strong hand, high heart, are useless here!
Loud from the mass confused the cry
Of dying warriors swells on high,
And steeds that shriek in agony!
They came like mountain-torrent red,
That thunders o'er its rocky bed;
They broke like that same torrent's wave,
When swallowed by a darksome cave.
Billows on billows burst and boil,
Maintaining still the stern turmoil,
And to their wild and tortured groan
Each adds new terrors of his own!
Too strong in courage and in might
Was England yet, to yield the fight,

Her noblest all are here,
Names that to fear were never known,
Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,
And Oxford's famed De Vere.
There Gloster plied the bloody sword,
And Berkley, Gray, and Hereford,
Bottetourt and Sanzavere,
Ross, Montague, and Mauly, came,
And Courtenay's pride, and Percy's fame—
Names known too well in Scotland's war,
At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar,
Blazed broader yet in after years,
At Cressy red and fell Poitiers.
Pembroke with these, and Argentine,
Brought up the rearward battle-line.
With caution o'er the ground they tread,
Slippery with blood and piled with dead,
Till hand in hand in battle set,
The bills with spears and axes met,
And, closing dark on every side,
Raged the full contest far and wide.
Then was the strength of Douglas tried,
Then proved was Randolph's generous pride,
And well did Stewart's actions grace
The sire of Scotland's royal race!

Firmly they kept their ground;
As firmly England onward pressed,
And down went many a noble crest,
And rent was many a valiant breast,
And slaughter revelled round,

Unflinching foot 'gainst foot was set,
Unceasing blow by blow was met;

The groans of those who fell
Were drowned amid the shriller clang,
That from the blades and harness rang,
And in the battle-yell.
Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,
Both Southern fierce and hardy Scot;—
And O! amid that waste of life,
What various motives fired the strife!
The aspiring Noble bled for fame,
The Patriot for his country's claim;
This Knight his youthful strength to prove,
And that to win his lady's love;
Some fought from ruffian thirst of blood,
From habit some, or hardihood.
But ruffian stern, and soldier good,
The noble and the slave,
From various cause the same wild road,
On the same bloody morning, trode,
To that dark inn, the Grave!

The tug of strife to flag begins,
Though neither loses yet nor wins.
High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust,
And feebler speeds the blow and thrust.
Douglas leans on his war-sword now,
And Randolph wipes his bloody brow,
Nor less had toiled each Southern knight,
From morn till mid-day in the fight.
Strong Egremont for air must gasp,
Beauchamp undoes his visor-clasp,
And Montague must quit his spear,
And sinks thy falchion, bold De Vere!

The blows of Berkley fall less fast,
And gallant Pembroke's bugle-blast
Hath lost its lively tone;
Sinks, Argentine, thy battle-word,
And Percy's shout was fainter heard,
"My merry-men, fight on!"—

Bruce with the pilot's wary eye,
The slackening of the storm could spy.
"One effort more, and Scotland's free!
Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee
Is firm as Ailsa rock;
Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge;
Now, forward to the shock!"—
At once the spears were forward thrown,
Against the sun the broadswords shone;
The pibroch lent its maddening tone,
And loud King Robert's voice was known—
"Carrick, press on—they fail, they fail!
Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,
The foe is fainting fast!
Each strike for parent, child, and wife,
For Scotland, liberty, and life,—
The battle cannot last!"

The fresh and desperate onset bore
The foes three furlongs back and more,
Leaving their noblest in their gore,
Alone, De Argentine
Yet bears on high his red cross shield,
Gathers the reliques of the field,

Renews the ranks where they have reeled,
And still makes good the line.

Brief strife, but fierce, his efforts raise
A bright but momentary blaze.

Fair Edith heard the Southern shout,
Beheld them turning from the rout,
Heard the wild call their trumpets sent,
In notes 'twixt triumph and lament.

That rallying force combined anew,
Appeared, in her distracted view,

To hem the isles-men round ;

O God ! the combat they renew,
And is no rescue found !

And ye that look thus tamely on,
And see your native land o'er thrown,
O ! are your hearts of flesh or stone?"—

The multitude that watched afar,
Rejected from the ranks of war,
Had not unmoved beheld the fight,
When strove The Bruce for Scotland's right ;
Each heart had caught the patriot's spark,
Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,
Bondsman and serf: e'en female hand
Stretched to the hatchet or the brand ;

But, when mute Amadine they heard,
Give to their zeal his signal-word,

A frenzy fired the throng :—

"Portents and miracles impeach
Our sloth—the dumb our duties teach—
And he that gives the mute his speech,
Can bid the weak be strong.

To us, as to our lords, are given
A native earth, a promised heaven;
To us, as to our lords, belongs
The vengeance for our nation's wrongs;
The choice, 'twixt death or freedom warms,
Our breasts as theirs—To arms, to arms!"
To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—
And mimic ensigns high they rear,
And, like a bannered host afar.
Bear down on England's wearied war.

Already scattered o'er the plain,
Reproof, command, and counsel vain,
The rearward squadrons fled amain,
Or made but doubtful stay;—
But when they marked the seeming show
Of fresh and fierce and marshalled foe,
The boldest broke array.

O give their hapless prince his due!*
In vain the royal Edward threw
His person 'mid their spears,
Cried "Fight!" to terror and despair
Menaced, and wept, and tore his hair,
And cursed their caitiff fears;
Till Pembroke turned his bridle rein,
And forced him from the fatal plain.

* Edward II. according to the best authorities, showed, in the fatal field of Bannockburn, personal gallantry, not unworthy of his great sire and greater son. He remained on the field till forced away by the Earl of Pembroke, when all was lost. He then rode to the castle of Stirling, and demanded admittance; but the governor remonstrating upon the imprudence of shutting himself up in that fortress, which must so soon surrender, he assembled around his person five hundred men-at-arms, and, avoiding the field of battle and the victorious army, fled towards Linlithgow, pursued by Douglas with about sixty horse. They were augmented by

With them rode Argentine, until
They gained the summit of the hill,
But quitted there the train :
“In yonder field a gage I left,—
I must not live of fame bereft ;
I needs must turn again,
Speed hence, my liege, for on your trace
The fiery Douglas takes the chase,
I know his banner well.
God send my sovereign joy and bliss,
And many a happier field than this !—
Once more, my liege, farewell.”—

Again he faced the battle-field,—
Wildly they fly, are slain, or yield.
“Now then,” he said, and couched his spear,
My course is run, the goal is near ;
One effort more, one brave career,
Must close this race of mine.”
Then in his stirrup rising high,
He shouted loud his battle cry,
“Saint James for Argentine !”
And of the bold pursuers, four
The gallant knight from saddle bore ;

Sir Lawrence Abernethy with twenty more, whom Douglas met in the Torwood upon their way to join the English army, and whom he easily persuaded to desert the defeated monarch, and to assist in the pursuit. They hung upon Edward's flight as far as Dunbar, too few in number to assail him with effect, but enough to harass his retreat so constantly, that whoever fell an instant behind, was instantly slain, or made prisoner. Edward's ignominious flight terminated at Dunbar, where the Earl of March, who still professed allegiance to him, “received him full gently.” From thence, the monarch of so great an empire, and the late commander of so gallant and numerous an army, escaped to Ham-borough in a fishing vessel.

But not unharmed—a lance's point
Has found his breast-plate's loosened joint,
 An axe has razed his crest ;
Yet still on Colonsay's fierce lord,
Who pressed the chase with gory sword,
 He rode with spear in rest,
And through his bloody tartans bored,
 And through his gallant breast.
Nailed to the earth, the mountaineer
Yet writhed him up against the spear,
 And swung his broadsword round !
—Stirrup, steel-boot, and cuish gave way,
Beneath that blow's tremendous sway,
 The blood gushed from the wound ;
And the grim Lord of Colonsay
 Hath turned him on the ground,
And laughed in death-pang, that his blade
The mortal thrust so well repaid.

Now toiled The Bruce, the battle done,
To use his conquest boldly won ;
And gave command for horse and spear
To press the Southern's scattered rear,
Nor let his broken force combine,
—When the war-cry of Argentine
 Fell faintly on his ear !
“ Save, save his life,” he cried, “ O save
The kind, the noble, and the brave !”—
The squadrons round free passage gave,
 The wounded knight drew near.
He raised his red-cross shield no more,
Helm, cuish, and breast-plate streamed with gore,

Yet, as he saw the King advance,
He strove e'en then to couch his lance—
 The effort was in vain!
The spur-stroke failed to rouse the horse;
Wounded and weary, in mid course
 He stumbled on the plain.
Then foremost was the generous Bruce
To raise his head, his helm to loose:—
 “Lord Earl, the day is thine!
My Sovereign's charge, and adverse fate,
Have made our meeting all too late:
 Yet this may Argentine,
As boon from ancient comrade, crave—
A Christian's mass, a soldier's grave.”—

Bruce pressed his dying hand—its grasp
Kindly replied; but, in his clasp,
 It stiffened and grew cold—
And, “O farewell!” the victor cried,
“Of chivalry the flower and pride,
 The arm in battle bold,
The courteous mien, the noble race,
The stainless faith, the manly face!—
Bid Ninian's convent light their shrine,
For late wake of De Argentine.
O'er better knight on death-bier laid,
Torch never gleamed nor mass was said!”—

Nor for De Argentine alone,
Through Ninian's church these torches shone,
And rose the death-prayer's awful tone.
That yellow lustre glimmered pale,
On broken plate and bloodied mail,

Rent crest and shattered coronet,
Of Baron, Earl, and Banneret;
And the best names that England knew,
Claimed in the death-prayer dismal due.

Yet mourn not, Land of Fame!

Though ne'er the leopards on thy shield
Retreated from so sad a field,

Since Norman William came.

Oft may thine annals justly boast
Of battles stern by Scotland lost;

Grudge not her victory,

When for her freeborn rights she strove;

Rights dear to all who freedom love,

To none so dear as thee!

THE GOBLIN CAVE.

It was a wild and strange retreat,

As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.

The dell upon the mountain's crest

Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast;

Its trench had stayed full many a rock,

Hurled by primeval earthquake shock

From Ben-venue's gray summit wild,

And here, in random ruin piled,

They frowned incumbent o'er the spot,

And formed the rugged sylvan grot.

The oak and birch, with mingled shade,

At noontide there a twilight made,

Unless when short and sudden shone

Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,

With such a glimpse as prophet's eye
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.
No murmur waked the solemn still,
Save tinkling of a fountain rill;
But when the wind chafed with the lake,
A sullen sound would upward break,
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke
The incessant war of wave and rock.
Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,
Seemed nodding o'er the cavern gray.
From such a den the wolf had sprung,
In such the wild-cat leaves her young:
Yet Douglas and his daughter fair,
Sought, for a space, their safety there.
Gray Superstition's whisper dread
Debarred the spot to vulgar tread;
For there, she said, did fays resort,
And satyrs hold their sylvan court,
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

MARY.

THE heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far from love and thee, Mary;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon thy vow,
 And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know;
When burst Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
 His foot like arrow free, Mary.
A time will come with feeling fraught!
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose
 To my young bride and me, Mary!

BLANCHE, THE MANIAC.

Lo! a wasted female form,
Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,
In tattered weeds and wild array,
Stood on a cliff beside the way,
And glancing round her restless eye,
Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,
Seemed nought to mark, yet all to spy.
Her brow was wreathed with gaudy broom;
With gesture wild she waved a plume
Of feathers, which the eagles fling
To crag and cliff from dusky wing;

Such spoils her desperate step had sought,
Where scarce was footing for the goat.
The tartan plaid she first descried,
And shrieked, till all the rocks replied ;
As loud she laughed when near they drew,
For then the lowland garb she knew ;
And then her hands she wildly wrung,
And then she wept and then she sung.—
She sung !—the voice, in better time,
Perchance to harp or lute might chime ;
And now, though strained and roughened, still
Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

SONG.

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
They say my brain is warped and wrung—
I cannot sleep on highland brae,
I cannot pray in highland tongue.
But were I now where Allan glides,
Or heard my native Devan's tides,
So sweetly would I rest and pray
That heaven would close my wintery day !
'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,
They bade me to the church repair ;
It was my bridal morn, they said,
And my true love would meet me there.
But wo betide the cruel guile,
That drowned in blood the morning smile !
And wo betide the fairy dream !
I only waked to sob and scream.

“Who is this maid? what means her lay;
She hovers o'er the hollow way,

And flutters wide her mantle gray,
As the lone heron spreads his wing,
By twilight o'er a haunted spring."
" 'Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said,
" A crazed and captive lowland maid,
Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,
When Roderick forayed Devan side.
The gay bridegroom resistance made,
And felt our chief's unconquered blade.
I marvel she is now at large,
But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge.—
Hence, brain-sick fool!"—He raised his bow:
" Now, if thou strik'st her but one blow,
I'll pitch thee from the cliffs as far
As ever peasant pitched a bar."
" Thanks, champion, thanks!" the Maniac cried,
And pressed her to Fitz-James's side.
" See the gray penons I prepare,
To seek my true-love through the air!
I will not lend that savage groom,
To break his fall, one downy plume;
No!—deep amid disjointed stones,
The wolves shall batten on his bones,
And then shall his detested plaid,
By bush and briar in mid air staid,
Wave forth a banner fair and free,
Meet signal for their revelry."—

" Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!"
" O! thou look'st kindly, and I will.—
Mine eye has dried and wasted been,
But still it loves the Lincoln green;

And though mine ear is all unstrung,
Still, still it loves the lowland tongue.
For O my sweet William was forester true,
 He stole poor Blanche's heart away !
His coat it was all of the green wood hue,
 And so blithely he trilled the lowland lay !

It was not that I meant to tell—
But thou art wise, and guessest well.”—
Then in a low and broken tone,
And hurried note, the song went on,
Still on the Clansman, fearfully,
She fixed her apprehensive eye ;
Then turned it on the Knight, and then
Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

The toils are pitched, and the stakes are set,
 Ever sing merrily, merrily ;
The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,
 Hunters live so cheerily.

It was a stag, a stag of ten,*
 Bearing his branches sturdily ;
He came stately down the glen,
 Ever sing hardily, hardily.

It was there he met with a wounded doe,
 She was bleeding deathfully ;
She warned him of the toils below,
 O so faithfully, faithfully !

* Having ten branches on his antlers.

He had an eye, and he could heed,
Ever sing warily, warily;
He had a foot, and he could speed—
Hunters watch so narrowly.

Fitz-James's mind was passion-tossed,
When Ellen's hints and fears were lost;
But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,
And Blanche's song conviction brought.—
Not like a stag that spies the snare,
But lion of the hunt aware,
He waved at once his blade on high,
"Disclose thy treachery, or die!"—
Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,
But in his race his bow he drew.
The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,
And thrilled in Blanche's faded breast.—
Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed,
For ne'er had Alpine's son such need
With heart of fire, and foot of wind,
The fierce avenger is behind!
Fate judges of the rapid strife—
The forfeit death—the prize is life!
Thy kindred ambush lies before,
Close couched upon the heathery moor;
Them couldst thou reach!—it may not be—
Thine ambushed kin thou ne'er shalt see,
The fiery Saxon gains on thee!
Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,
As lightning strikes the pine to dust;
With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain,
Ere he can win his blade again.

Bent o'er the fallen, with falcon eye,
He grimly smiled to see him die ;
Then slower wended back his way,
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

She sate beneath the birchen tree,
Her elbow resting on her knee ;
She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,
And gazed on it, and feebly laughed ;
Her wreath of broom and feathers gray,
Dangled with blood, beside her lay.
The Knight to stanch the life-stream tried,
"Stranger, it is in vain !" she cried.
"This hour of death has given me more
Of reason's power than years before ;
For, as these ebbing veins decay,
My frenzied visions fade away.
A helpless, injured wretch I die,
And something tells me in thine eye,
That thou wert mine avenger born.—
Seest thou this tress?—O ! still I've worn
This little tress of yellow hair,
Through danger, frenzy, and despair !
It once was bright and clear as thine,
But blood and tears have dimmed its shine.
I will not tell thee when 'twas shred,
Nor from what guiltless victim's head—
My brain would turn!—but it shall wave
Like plumage on thy helmet brave,
Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,
And thou wilt bring it me again.—
I waver still!—O God ! more bright
Let reason beam her parting light !

O! by the knighthood's honoured sign,
And for thy life preserved by mine,
When thou shalt see a darksome man,
Who boasts him chief of Alpine's clan,
With tartans broad and shadowy plume,
And hand of blood and brow of gloom,
Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,
And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong!
They watch for thee by pass and fell—
Avoid the path—O God!—farewell.”

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James;
Fast poured his eye at pity's claims,
And now, with mingled grief and ire,
He saw the murdered maid expire.

MEETING OF RODERICK AND FITZ-JAMES.

THE shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapped in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and treads the brake;
And not the summer solstice, there,
Tempered the midnight mountain air,

But every breeze that swept the wold,
Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watch-fire close before him burned.

Beside its embers red and clear,
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
And up he sprung with sword in hand,—
“Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!”
“A stranger.”—“What dost thou require?”
“Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost.”—
“Art thou a friend to Roderick?”—“No.”—
“Thou darest not call thyself a foe?”
“I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand.”
“Bold words!—but, though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever recked, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapped or slain!
Thus treacherous scouts—yet sure they lie,
Who say thou camest a secret spy!”—
“They do, by heaven!—Come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest.”—

"If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bearest the belt and spur of Knight."
"Then, by these tokens may'st thou know,
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."
"Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."—

He gave him of his highland cheer,
The hardened flesh of mountain deer:
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid;
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addressed:
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honour spoke
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more—upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn,—
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand;
But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honour's laws:
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,

As far as Coilantogle's ford ;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."
"I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"—
"Well, rest thee ; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."—
With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath ;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael* around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain gray.
A wildering path!—they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky ;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.

* The Scottish Highlander calls himself *Gael*, or *Gaul*, and terms the Lowlanders, *Sassenach*, or Saxons.

'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain ;
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but beauty's tear !

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep ;
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose.
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threat'ning stone ;
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill ;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrent down had borne,
And heaped upon the cumbered land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James, by what strange cause
He sought these wilds? traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

“Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt, and by my side :
Yet sooth to tell,” the Saxon said,
“I dreamed not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,
All seemed as peaceful and as still
As the mist slumbering on yon hill.
Thy dangerous chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,
Though deep, perchance, the villain lied.”—
“Yet why a second venture try?”—
“A warrior thou and ask me why !—
Moves our free course by such fixed cause,
As gives the poor mechanics laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day ;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A Knight’s free footsteps far and wide—
A falcon flown, a gray-hound strayed,
The merry glance of mountain maid
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger’s self is lure alone.”—

“Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye nought of lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine raised by Mar?”—
“—No, by my word ; of bands prepared,
To guard King James’s sports I heard ;
Nor doubt I aught, but when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,

Their penons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung.”—
“Free be they flung!—for we were loth
Their silken folds should feast the moth,
Free be they flung! as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine’s pine in banner brave.
But, stranger, peaceful since you came
Bewildered in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine’s vowed and mortal foe?”—
“Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
Nought of thy Chieftain Roderick Dhu,
Save as an exiled desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent’s court and sight,
With ruffian-dagger stabbed a knight;
Yet this alone might from him part
Sever each true and loyal heart.”

Wrothful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lowered the clansman’s sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said,
“And heardst thou why he drew his blade?
Heardst thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick’s vengeance on his foe?
What recked the Chieftain, if he stood
On highland heath, or Holy Rood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven.”
“Still was it outrage;—yet, ’tis true,
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrowed truncheon of command,

The young King mewed in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!—
Winning mean prey by causeless strife.
Wrenching from ruined lowland swain
His herds and harvest reared in vain—
Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne.”

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answered with disdainful smile—
“Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye,
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between:
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land,
Where dwell we now! See rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o’er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread,
For fattened steer or household bread;
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply—
‘To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.’—
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think’st thou we will not sally forth,

To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul!—While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze—
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.
Where live the mountain chiefs who hold
That plundering lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

Answered Fitz-James—"And, if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought?
What deem ye of my path way-laid,
My life given o'er the ambuscade?"—
"As of a meed to rashness due;
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true—
I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid;
Free hadst thou been to come and go—
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, e'en as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
Save to fulfil an augury."—
"Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
'Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but, when I come agen,

I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band."—

"Have, then, thy wish!" he whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears, and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken-bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into ax and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
'To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood and still;
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge;
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.

The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon—I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave:—Though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."—
Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foeman worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood—then waved his hand:
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had tossed in air
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair;
The next, but swept a lone hill side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide;
The sun's last glance was glinted back,
From lance and glaive, from targe and jack—

The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green, and cold gray stone.

Fitz-James looked round—yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied,
“Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest; I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:
Nor would I call a clansman’s brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on; I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.”
They moved.—I said Fitz-James was brave
As ever knight that belted glaive;
Yet dare not say, that now his blood
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
As, following Roderick’s stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
With lances, that to take his life
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonoured and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eyes sought round
The vanished guardians of the ground,

And still from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain,
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left, for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush, nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.
And here his course the Chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the lowland warrior said;
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here, all vantageless I stand,
Armed like thyself, with single brand ;

For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused:—"I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death;
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:
Can naught but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?"—"No, Stranger, none!
And hear—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead;
"Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife."—
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder break beneath the cliff—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus fate has solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or, if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favour free,
I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye—
“Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kerne ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man or Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:—
My clansman's blood demands revenge.—
Not yet prepared?—By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valour light
As that of some vain carpet-knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair.”—
“I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and ruth, be gone!—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.”—
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then, foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon sword drank blood.
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans died.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe invulnerable still
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And, backwards borne upon the lee,
Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.

"Now, yield ye, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dies my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung,

Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.—
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel !—
They tug, they strain ;—down, down, they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
His knee was planted in his breast ;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright !—
—But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game ;
For while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye,
Down came the blow ! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting chief's relaxing grasp ;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

He faltered thanks to Heaven for life,
Redeemed, unhop'd, from desperate strife ;
Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every gasp appeared his last ;
In Roderick's gore he dipped the braid—
"Peor Blanche ! thy wrongs are dearly paid ;

Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
The praise that Faith and Valour give.”
With that he blew a bugle note,
Undid the collar from his throat,
Unbonnetted, and by the wave
Sate down his brow and hands to lave.
Then faint afar are heard the feet
Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet;
The sounds increase, and now are seen
Four mounted squires in Lincoln green;
Two who bear lance, and two who lead,
By loosened rein, a saddled steed;
Each onward held his headlong course,
And by Fitz-James reined up his horse—
With wonder viewed the bloody spot—
—“Exclaim not, gallants! question not.—
You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
And bind the wounds of yonder knight;
Let the gray palfrey bear his weight,
We destined for a fairer freight,
And bring him on to Stirling straight;
I will before at better speed,
To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.

VOYAGE OF LADY ABBESS.

THAT breeze;
For, far upon Northumbrian seas,
It freshly blew, and strong,
Where, from high Whitby's cloistered pile,
Bound to Sain Cuthbert's Holy Isle,
It bore a bark along.

Upon the gentle gale she stooped her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home ;
The merry seamen laugh'd, to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea-foam.
Much joyed they in their honoured freight ;
For, on the deck, in chair of state,
The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed,
With five fair nuns, the galley graced.

'Twas sweet to see these holy maids,
Like birds escaped to green-wood shades,
Their first flight from the cage,
How timid, and how curious too,
For all to them was strange and new,
And all the common sights they view
Their wonderment engage.
One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,
With many a benedicite ;
One at the rippling surge grew pale,
And would for terror pray ;
Then shrieked, because the sea-dog, nigh,
His round black head, and sparkling eye,
Reared o'er the foaming spray ;
And one would still adjust her veil,
Disordered by the summer gale,
Perchance lest some more worldly eye
Her dedicated charms might spy ;
Perchance, because such action graced
Her fair-turned arm and slender waist.

Light was each simple bosom there,
Save two, who ill might pleasure share,
The Abbess, and the Novice Clare.
The Abbess was of noble blood,
But early took the veil and hood,
Ere upon life she cast a look,
Or knew the world that she forsook.
Fair too she was, and kind had been
As she was fair, but ne'er had seen
For her a timid lover sigh,
Nor knew the influence of her eye;
Love, to her ear, was but a name,
Combined with vanity and shame;
Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all
Bounded within the cloister wall:
The deadliest sin her mind could reach,
Was of monastic rule the breach;
And her ambition's highest aim,
To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.
For this she gave her ample dower,
To raise the convent's eastern tower;
For this, with carving rare and quaint,
She decked the chapel of the saint;
And gave the relique-shrine of cost,
With ivory and gems embost;
The poor her convent's bounty blest,
The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule
Reformed on Benedictine school;
Her cheek was pale, her form was spare:
Vigils, and penitence austere,

Had early quenched the light of youth,
But gentle was the dame in sooth ;
Though vain of her religious sway,
She loved to see her maids obey,
Yet nothing stern was she in cell,
And the nuns loved their Abbess well.
Sad was this voyage to the dame ;
Summoned to Lindisfarn, she came,
There with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old,
And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold
A chapter of Saint Benedict,
For inquisition stern and strict,
On two apostates from the faith,
And, if need were, to doom to death.

Nought say I here of Sister Clare,
Save this, that she was young and fair,
As yet a novice unprofessed,
Lovely and gentle, but distressed.
She was betrothed to one now dead,
Or worse, who had dishonoured fled.
Her kinsman bade her give her hand
To one, who loved her for her land ;
Herself, almost heart-broken now,
Was bent to take the vestal vow,
And shroud, within Saint Hilda's gloom,
Her blasted hopes and withered bloom.

She sate upon the galley's prow,
And seemed to mark the waves below ;
Nay, seemed so fixed her look and eye,
To count them as they glided by.

She saw them not—'twas seeming all—
Far other scene her thoughts recall,—
A sun-scorched desert, waste and bare,
Nor wave, nor breezes, murmured there ;
There saw she, where some careless hand
O'er a dead corpse had heaped the sand,
To hide it till the jackalls come,
To tear it from the scanty tomb—
See what a woful look was given,
As she raised up her eyes to heaven !

Lovely, and gentle, and distressed—
These charms might tame the fiercest breast ;
Harpers have sung, and poets told,
That he, in fury uncontrolled,
The shaggy monarch of the wood,
Before a virgin, fair and good,
Hath pacified his savage mood.
But passions in the human frame,
Oft put the lion's rage to shame ;
And jealousy, by dark intrigue,
With sordid avarice in league,
Had practised, with their bowl and knife,
Against the mourner's harmless life.
This crime was charged 'gainst those who lay
Prisoned in Cuthbert's islet gray.

And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland ;
Towns, towers, and halls successive rise,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
Monk Wearmouth soon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth's priory and bay ;

They marked, amid her trees, the hall
Of Lofty Seaton-Delaval ;
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
Rush to the sea through sounding woods ;
They past the tower of Widderington,
Mother of many a valiant son ;
At Coquet-isle their beads they tell,
To the good Saint who owned the cell ;
Then did the Alne attention claim,
And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name ;
And next, they crossed themselves, to hear
The whitening breakers sound so near,
Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar
On Dunstanborough's caverned shore :
Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they there,
King Ida's castle, huge and square,
From its tall rock look grimly down,
And on the swelling ocean frown ;
Then from the coast they bore away,
And reached the Holy Island's bay.

The tide did now its flood-mark gain,
And girdled in the Saint's domain :
For, with the flow and ebb, its style
Varies from continent to isle ;
Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,
The pilgrims to the shrine find way ;
Twice every day, the waves efface
Of staves and sandaled feet the trace.
As to the port the galley flew,
Higher and higher rose to view
The Castle, with its battled walls,
The ancient Monastery's halls,

A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,
Placed on the margin of the isle.

In Saxon strength that abbey frowned,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate, row and row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,
Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alleyed walk
To emulate in stone.

On the deep walls, the heathen Dane
Had poured his impious rage in vain;
And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the wind's eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and northern pirate's hand.
Not but that portions of the pile,
Rebuilt in a later style,
Showed where the spoiler's hand had been
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
And mouldered in his niche the saint,
And rounded, with consuming power,
The pointed angles of each tower;
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

Soon as they neared his turrets strong,
The maidens raised St. Hilda's song,

And with the sea-wave and the wind,
Their voices sweetly shrill combined,
And made harmonious close ;
Then, answering from the sandy shore,
Half-drowned amid the breakers' roar,
According chorus rose ;
Down to the haven of the isle,
The monks and nuns in order file,
From Cuthbert's cloisters grim :
Banner, and cross, and reliques there,
To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare ;
And, as they caught the sounds on air,
They echoed back the hymn.
The islanders, in joyous mood,
Rushed emulously through the flood,
To hale the bark to land ;
Conspicuous by her veil and hood,
Signing the cross the Abbess stood,
And blessed them with her hand.

COURT OF KING JAMES.

OLD Holy-Rood rung merrily,
That night, with wassel, game, and glee :
King James within her princely bower
Feasted the chiefs of Scotland's power,
Summoned to spend the parting hour ;
For he had charged, that his array
Should southward march by break of day.
Well loved that splendid monarch ay
The banquet and the song,

By day the tourney, and by night
The merry dance, traced fast and light,
The masquers quaint, the pageant bright,
The revel loud and long.
This feast outshone his banquets past:
It was his blithest,—and his last.
The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,
Cast on the court a dancing ray;
Here to the harp did minstrels sing;
There ladies touched a softer string;
With long-eared cap, and motely vest,
The licensed fool retailed his jest;
His magic tricks the juggler plied;
At dice and draughts the gallants vied;
While some, in close recess apart,
Courtèd the ladies of their heart,
Nor courtèd them in vain;
For often, in the parting hour,
Victorious love asserts his power
O'er coldness and disdain;
And flinty is her heart, can view
To battle march a lover true,—
Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,
Nor own her share of pain.

Through this mixed crowd of glee and game,
The King to greet Lord Marmion came,
While, reverend, all made room.
An easy task it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know,
Although his courtesy to show,
He doffed, to Marmion bending low,
His brodered cap and plume.

For royal were his garb and mien,
His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,
Trimmed with the fur of martin wild;
His vest, of changeful satin sheen,
The dazzled eye beguiled;
His gorgeous collar hung adown,
Bearing the badge of Scotland's crown,
The thistle brave, of old renown;
His trusty blade, Toledo right,
Descended from a baldrick bright;
White were his buskins, on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel;
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
Was buttoned with a ruby rare:
And Marmion deemed he ne'er had seen
A prince of such a noble mien.

The Monarch's form was middle size;
For feat of strength or exercise,
Shaped in proportion fair;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye,
His short curled beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And, oh! he had that merry glance,
That seldom lady's heart resists.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue;
Suit, lightly won, and short-lived pain!
For Monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

I said he joyed in banquet-bower ;
But, mid his mirth, 'twas often strange,
How suddenly his cheer would change,
His look o'ercast and lower,
If, in a sudden turn, he felt
The pressure of his iron belt,
That bound his heart in penance-pain,
In memory of his father slain.

Even so 'twas strange how, evermore,
Soon as the passing pang was o'er,
Forward he rushed, with double glee,
Into the stream of revelry :
Thus, dim-seen object of affright
Startles the courser in his flight,
And half he halts, half springs aside,
But feels the quickening spur applied,
And, straining on the tightened rein,
Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.
O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway :

To Scotland's court she came,
To be a hostage for her lord,
Who Cressford's gallant heart had gored,
And with the King to make accord,
Had sent his lovely dame.

Nor to that lady free alone
Did the gay King allegiance own ;

For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a Turquoise ring, and glove,
And charged him, as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance ;

And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
And march three miles on English land,
And bid the banners of his band
In English breezes dance.

And thus, for France's Queen, he drest
His manly limbs in mailed vest ;
And thus admitted English fair,
His inmost counsels still to share ;
And thus, for both, he madly planned
The ruin of himself and land !

And yet, the sooth to tell,
Nor England's fair, nor France's Queen,
Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,
From Margaret's eyes that fell,—
His own queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's bower,
All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.

The queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,
And weeps the weary day,
The war against her native soil,
Her monarch's risk in battle broil ;—
And in gay Holy-Rood the while
Dame Heron rises with a smile
Upon the harp to play.

Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
The strings her fingers flew ;
And as she touched, and tuned them all,
Even her bosom's rise and fall
Was plainer given to view ;
For, all for heat, was laid aside
Her wimple, and her hood untied.

And first she pitched her voice to sing,
Then glanced her dark eye on the King,
And then around the silent ring ;
And laughed, and blushed, and oft did say
Her pretty oath, by Yea, and Nay,
She could not, would not, durst not play !
At length, upon the harp, with glee,
Mingled with arch simplicity,
A soft, yet lively, air she rung,
While thus the wily lady sung.

O young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone ;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall, [all :
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied!—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by
far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Loch-
invar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger
stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!—
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby
 clan; [they ran:
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
 There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

The monarch o'er the syren hung,
 And beat the measure as she sung;
 And, pressing closer, and more near,
 He whispered praises in her ear,
 In loud applause the courtiers vied;
 And ladies winked and spoke aside.

The witching dame to Marmion threw
 A glance, where seemed to reign
 The pride that claims applauses due,
 And of her royal conquest, too,
 A real or feigned disdain:
 Familiar was the look, and told,
 Marmion and she were friends of old.

CRICHTOUN CASTLE.

THAT castle rises on the steep*
 Of the green vale of Tyne;
 And far beneath, where slow they creep

* A large ruinous castle on the banks of the Tyne, about seven miles from Edinburgh. These splendid remains of antiquity are now used as a sheepfold.

From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
Where alders moist and willows weep,
You hear her streams repine.
The towers in different ages rose ;
Their various architecture shows
The builders' various hands ;
A mighty mass that could oppose,
When deadliest hatred fired its foes,
The vengeful Douglas bands.

Crichtoun ! though now thy miry court
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
Thy turrets rude, and tottered Keep,
Have been the minstrel's loved resort.
Oft have I traced within thy fort,
Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,
Scutcheons of honour, or pretence,
Quartered in old armorial sort,
Remains of rude magnificence :
Nor wholly yet hath time defaced
Thy lordly gallery fair ;
Nor yet the stony cord unbraced,
Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,
Adorn thy ruined stair.
Still rises unimpaired below,
The court-yard's graceful portico ,
Above its cornice, row and row,
Of fair hewn facets, richly show
Their pointed diamond form,
Though there but houseless cattle go
To shield them from the storm.
And, shuddering, still may we explore,
Where oft whilome were captives pent,

The darkness of thy Massy More:*

Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,
May trace, in undulating line,
The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

MARMION.

LORD Marmion rode,
Proudly his red-roan charger trod,
His helm hung at the saddle bow;
Well, by his visage, you might know
He was a stalworth knight, and keen,
And had in many a battle been;
The scar on his brown cheek revealed
A token true of Bosworth field;
His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire,
Showed spirit proud, and prompt to ire;
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek
Did deep design and counsel speak.
His forehead, by his casque worn bare,
His thick moustache, and curly hair,
Coal-black, and grisled here and there,
But more through toil than age;
His square turned joints, and strength of limb,
Showed him no carpet knight so trim,
But, in close fight, a champion grim,
In camps, a leader sage.

Well was he armed from head to heel,
In mail, and plate of Milan steel;

* The pit, or prison vault.

But his strong helm, of mighty cost,
Was all with burnished gold embossed;
Amid the plumage of the crest,
A falcon hovered on her nest,
With wings outspread, and forward breast;
E'en such a falcon, on his shield,
Soared sable in an azure field;
The golden legend bore aright,
"Who checks at me to death is dight,"
Blue was the charger's broidered rein;
Blue ribands decked his arching mane;
The knightly housing's ample fold
Was velvet blue, and trapped with gold.

Behind him rode two gallant squires,
Of noble name, and knightly sires;
They burned the gilded spurs to claim;
For well could each a war-horse tame,
Could draw the bow, the sword could sway,
And lightly bear the ring away;
Nor less with courteous precepts stored,
Could dance in hall, and carve at board,
And frame love ditties passing rare,
And sing them to a lady fair.

Four men-at-arms came at their backs,
With halbard, bill, and battle-ax:
They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,
And led his sumpter mules along,
And ambling palfrey, when at need
Him listed ease his battle-steed.
The last, and trustiest of the four,
On high his forked pennon bore;

Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,
Fluttered the streamer glossy-blue,
Where, blazoned sable, as before,
The towering falcon seemed to soar,
Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,
In hosen black, and jerkins blue,
With falcons broidered on each breast,
Attended on their lord's behest.
Each chosen for an archer good,
Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood;
Each one a six-foot bow could bend,
And far a cloth-yard shaft could send;
Each held a boar-spear tough and strong,
And at their belts their quivers rung.
Their dusty palfreys, and array,
Showed they had marched a weary way.

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,
How fairly armed, and ordered how,
 The soldiers of the guard,
With musquet, pike, and morion,
To welcome noble Marmion,
 Stood in the Castle-yard;
Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
The gunner held his lintstock yare,
 For welcome-shot prepared—
Entered the train, and such a clang,
As then through all his turrets rang,
 Old Norham never heard.

The guards their morice pikes advanced,
 The trumpets flourished brave,

The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
And thundering welcome gave ;
A blithe salute, in martial sort,
The minstrels well might sound,
For, as Lord Marmion crossed the court,
He scattered angels round.
“ Welcome to Norham, Marmion,
Stout heart, and open hand !
Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,
Thou flower of English land.”

Two pursuivants, whom tabards deck,
With silver scutcheon round their neck,
Stood on the steps of stone,
By which you reach the donjon gate,
And there, with herald pomp and state,
They hailed Lord Marmion :
They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward and Scrivelbaye,
Of Tamworth tower and town ;
And he, their courtesy to requite,
Gave them a chain of twelve marks weight,
All as he lighted down.
“ Now largesse, largesse,* Lord Marmion,
Knight of the crest of gold !
A blazoned shield, in battle won,
Ne'er guarded heart so bold.”

They marshalled him to the Castle hall,
Where the guests stood all aside,

* The cry by which the heralds expressed their thanks for the bounty of the nobles.

And loudly flourished the trumpet-call,
And the heralds loudly cried,
—"Room, lordlings, room for Lord Marmion,
With the crest and helm of gold !
Full well we know the trophies won
In the list at Cottiswold :
There, vainly Ralph de Wilton strove
'Gainst Marmion's force to stand ;
To him he lost his layde-love,
And to the king his land.
Ourselves beheld the listed field,
A sight both sad and fair,
We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield,
And saw his saddle bare ;
We saw the victor win the crest
He wears with worthy pride ;
And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,
His foeman's scutcheon tied.
Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight !
Room, room, ye gentles gay,
For him who conquered in the right,
Marmion of Fontenaye !" —

Then stepped to meet that noble lord,
Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
Baron of Twissel, and of Ford,
And Captain of the Hold.
He led Lord Marmion to the deas,
Raised o'er the pavement high,
And placed him in the upper place—
They feasted full and high.

CHRISTMAS.

THE wind is chill,
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
Fit time for festival and cheer :
E'en heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain,
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew ;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes decked the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer ;
Caroused in seas of sable beer ;
While round, in brutal jest were thrown
The half-gnawed rib, and marrow-bone ;
Or listened all, in grim delight,
While scalds yelled out the joys of fight.
Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,
And wildly loose their red locks fly ;
And dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the while,
As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night :

On Christmas eve the bells were rung ;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung ;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen :
The hall was dressed in holly green ;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go
To gather in the misletoe,
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose ;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of " post and pair."
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide ;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving man ;
Then the grim boar's-head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell ;

What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar ;
While round the merry wassel bowl,
Garnished with ribands, blithe did trowl.
There the huge sirloin reeked ; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie ;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high-tide, her savoury goose.
Then came the merry masquers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din ;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery ;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made ;
But, O ! what masquers richly dight
Can boast of bosoms half so light !
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale ;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

THE SHEPHERD.

THE shepherd, who, in summer sun,
Has something of our envy won,
As thou with pencil, I with pen,
The features traced of hill and glen

He who, outstretched, the livelong day,
At ease among the heath-flower lay,
Viewed the light clouds with vacant look,
Or slumbered o'er his tattered book,
Or idly busied him to guide
His angle o'er the lessened tide ;—
At midnight now, the snowy plain
Finds sterner labour for the swain.

When red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapours dank and dun ;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,
Against the casement's tinkling pane ;
The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox,
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask,
To dismal, and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
The blast may sink in mellowing rain,
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine ;
Whistling, and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid :
His flock he gathers, and he guides
To open downs, and mountain-sides,
Where, fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles ;

Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star,
Loses its feeble gleam, and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep:
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale;
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffened swain;
His widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail;
And, close beside him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their wo,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot,
His summer couch by greenwood tree,
His rustic kirn's* loud revelry,
His native hill-notes, tuned on high,
To Marian of the blithesome eye;
His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed,
And all Arcadia's golden creed.

THE MINSTREL.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;

* The Scottish harvest home.

His withered cheek, and tresses, gray,
Seemed to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry.
For, well-a-day ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfry borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn ;
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay :
Old times were changed, old manners gone ;
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne ;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandcring Harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door ;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :
The minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal-arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,

But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well :
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree ;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride :
And he began to talk anon,
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter, rest him God !
A braver ne'er to battle rode :
And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch ;
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought, even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained ;
The aged Minstrel audience gained.
But, when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied :
For, when to tune his harp he tried,

His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please ;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain.
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churles,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had played it to king Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood ;
And much he wished, yet feared to try
The long forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face and smiled ;
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy !
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along :
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot :
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

NIGHT and morning were at meeting
Over Waterloo ;
Cocks had sung their earliest greeting,
Faint and low they crew,
For no paly beam yet shone
On the heights of Mount Saint John :
Tempest-clouds prolonged the sway
Of timeless darkness over day ;
Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower,
Mark'd it a predestined hour.
Broad and frequent through the night
Flashed the sheets of levin-light ;
Musquets, glancing lightnings back,
Showed the dreary bivouack
Where the soldier lay,
Chill, and stiff, and drench'd with rain,
Wishing dawn of morn again
Though death should come with day.

'Tis at such a tide and hour,
Wizzard, witch, and fiend have power,
And ghastly forms through mist and shower
Gleam on the gifted ken ;
And then the affrighted prophet's ear
Drinks whispers strange of fate and fear,
Presaging death and ruin near,
Among the sons of men ;—
Apart from Albyn's war-array,
'Twas then gray Allan sleepless lay
Gray Allan, who, for many a day,
Had follow'd stout and stern,

Where, through battle's rout and reel,
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel,

Valiant Fassiefern.

Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low-laid 'mid friend's and foemen's gore—
But long his native lake's wild shore,
And Sunart rough, and high Ardgower,
And Morven long shall tell,
And proud Bennevis hear with awe,
How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra
Of conquest as he fell

'Lone on the outskirts of the host,
The weary sentinel held post,
And heard, through darkness far aloof,
The frequent clang of courser's hoof,
Where held the cloaked patrolle their course,
And spurred, 'gainst storm, the swerving horse ;
But there are sounds in Allan's ear,
Patrolle nor sentinel may hear,
And sights before his eye aghast
Invisible to them have passed,

When down the destined plain

'Twixt Britain and the bands of France,
Wild as marsh-borne meteors glance,
Strange phantoms wheeled a revel dance,
And doomed the future slain.—

Such forms were seen, such sounds were heard,
When Scotland's James his march prepared
For Flodden's fatal plain ;

Such, when he drew his ruthless sword,
As Chusers of the Slain, adored
 The yet unchristened Dane.
An indistinct and phantom band,
They wheeled their ring-dance hand in hand,
 With gesture wild and dread ;
The Seer, who watched them ride the storm,
Saw through their faint and shadowy form
 The lightning's flash more red ;
And still their ghastly roundelay
Was of the coming battle-fray,
 And of the destined dead.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
 And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
 To sleep without a shroud.
Our airy feet,
So light and fleet,
 They do not bend the rye
That sinks its head when whirlwinds rave,
And swells again in eddying wave,
 As each wild gust blows by ;
But still the corn,
At dawn of morn,
 Our fatal steps that bore,
At eve lies waste
A trampled paste
 Of blackening mud and gore.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance !
Brave sons of France,
For you our ring makes room ;
Make space full wide
For martial pride,
For banner, spear, and plume.
Approach, draw near,
Proud cuirassier !
Room for the men of steel !
Through crest and plate
The broad-sword's weight
Both head and heart shall feel.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Sons of the spear !
You feel us near
In many a ghastly dream ;
With fancy's eye
Our forms you spy,
And hear our fatal scream.

With clearer sight
Ere falls the night,
Just when to weal or wo
Your disembodied souls take flight
On trembling wing—each startled sprite
Our choir of death shall know.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.
Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers,
Redder rain shall soon be ours—
See the east grows wan—
Yield we place to sterner game,
Ere deadlier bolts and drearer flame
Shall the welkin's thunders shame;
Elemental rage is tame
To the wrath of man.

At morn, gray Allan's mates with awe
Heard of the vision'd sights he saw,
The legend heard him say:
But the seer's gifted eye was dim,
Deafened his ear and stark his limb,
Ere closed that bloody day—
He sleeps far from his highland heath,—
But often of the Dance of Death
His comrades tell the tale
On picquet-post, when ebbs the night,
And waning watch-fires glow less bri-
And dawn is glimmering pale.

WILFRED WYCLIFFE.

A FOND mother's care and joy
Were centered in her sickly boy.
No touch of childhood's frolic mood
Showed the elastic spring of blood ;
Hour after hour he loved to pore
On Shakspeare's rich and varied lore,
But turned from martial scenes and light,
From Falstaff's feast and Percy's fight,
To ponder Jaques's moral strain,
And muse with Hamlet, wise in vain ;
And weep himself to soft repose
O'er gentle Desdemona's woes.

In youth, he sought not pleasures found
By youth in horse, and hawk, and hound,
But loved the quiet joys that wake
By lonely stream and silent lake ;
In Deepdale's solitude to lie,
Where all is cliff, and copse, and sky :
To climb Catcastle's dizzy peak,
Or lone Pendragon's mound to seek.
Such was his wont ; and there his dream
Soared on some wild fantastic theme,
Of faithful love, or ceaseless Spring,
Till Contemplation's wearied wing
The enthusiast could no more sustain,
And sad he sunk to earth again.

He loved—as many a lay can tell,
Preserved in Stanmore's lonely dell ;

For his was minstrel's skill, he caught
The art unteachable, untaught ;
He loved—his soul did nature frame
For love, and fancy nursed the flame ;
Vainly he loved—for seldom swain
Of such soft mould is loved again ;
Silent he loved—in every gaze
Was passion, friendship in his phrase.

Thus wore his life, though reason strove
For mastery in vain with love,
Forcing upon his thoughts the sum
Of present wo and ills to come,
While still he turned impatient ear
From Truth's intrusive voice severe.
Gentle, indifferent, and subdued,
In all but this, unmoved he viewed
Each outward change of ill and good :
But Wilfred, docile, soft, and mild,
Was Fancy's spoiled and wayward child ;
In her bright car she bade him ride,
With one fair form to grace his side,
Or, in some wild and lone retreat,
Flung her high spells around his seat,
Bathed in her dews his languid head,
Her fairy mantle o'er him spread ;
For him her opiates gave to flow,
Which he who tastes can ne'er forego,
And placed him in her circle, free
From every stern reality,
Till, to the Visionary, seem
Her day-dreams truth, and truth a dream.

THE NIGHT JOURNEY.

THEN, from amid the armed train,
She called to her William of Deloraine.

A stark mostrooping Scot was he,
As e'er couched border lance by knee;
Through Solway sands, through Tarros moss;
Blindfold he knew the paths to cross;
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds;*
In Eske, or Liddel, fords were none,
But he would ride them one by one;
Alike to him was time, or tide,
December's snow, or July's pride;
Alike to him was tide, or time,
Moonless midnight, or matin prime:

* The kings and heroes of Scotland, as well as the Border-riders, were sometimes obliged to study how to evade the pursuit of bloodhounds. Barbour informs us, that Robert Bruce was repeatedly tracked by sleuth-dogs: On one occasion, he escaped by wading a bow-shot down a brook, and ascending into a tree by a branch which overhung the water: thus leaving no trace on land of his footsteps, he baffled the scent.

A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry, the Minstrel, tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance:—The hero's little band had been joined by an Irishman, named Fawdon, or Fadzean, a dark, savage, and suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-Erne Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers. The English pursued with a border *sleuth-bratch*, or blood-hound. In the retreat, Fawdon, tired, or affecting to be so, would go no farther: Wallace, having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger struck off his head, and continued the retreat. When the English came up, their hound stayed upon the dead body:—

The sleuth stopped at Fawdon. till she stood,
Nor farther would frae time she fund the blood.

Steady of heart, and stout of hand,
As ever drove prey from Cumberland ;
Five times outlawed had he been,
By England's king and Scotland's queen.

“ Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,
Mount thee on the wightest steed ;
Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,
Until thou come to fair Tweed side ;
And in Melrose's holy pile
Seek thou the monk of St. Mary's aisle,
Greet the father well from me ;
Say, that the fated hour is come,
And to-night he shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb :
For this will be Saint Michael's night,
And, though stars be dim, the moon is bright ;
And the cross, of bloody red,
Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

“ What he gives thee, see thou keep ;
Stay not thou for food or sleep.
Be it scroll, or be it book,
Into it, knight, thou must not look ;
If thou readest thou art lorn !
Better had'st thou ne'er been born.”

“ O swiftly can speed my dapplegray steed,
Which drinks of the Teviot clear ;
Ere break of day,” the warrior 'gan say,
“ Again will I be here :

And safer by none may thy errand be done,
 Than, noble dame, by me ;
 Letter nor line know I never a one,
 Wer't my neck-verse at Haribee.”*

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
 And soon the steep descent he passed,
 Soon crossed the sounding barbican,†
 And soon the Teviot's side he won.
 Eastward the wooded path he rode,
 Green hazels o'er his basnet nod :
 He passed the Peel of Goldiland,
 And crossed old Borthwick's roaring strand ;
 Dimly he viewed the moathill's mound,
 Where Druid shades still flitted round :
 In Hawick twinkled many a light ;
 Behind him soon they set in night ;
 And soon he spurred his courser keen
 Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark ;—
 “Stand, ho ! thou courier of the dark.”
 “For Branksome, ho !” the knight rejoined,
 And left the friendly tower behind.

He turned him now from Teviot side,
 And, guided by the tinkling rill,
 Northward the dark ascent did ride,
 And gained the moor at Horselie hill ;

* *Haribee*, the place of executing the Border marauders at Carlisle. The *neck-verse* in the beginning of the fifty-first psalm, *Miserere mei*, &c. anciently read by criminals, claiming the benefit of clergy.

† *Barbican*, the defence of the outer gate of a feudal castle.

Broad on the left before him lay,
For many a mile, the Roman way.*

A moment now he slacked his speed,
A moment breathed his panting steed ;
Drew saddlegirth and corslet-band,
And loosened in the sheath his brand.
On Minto-crag† the moonbeams glint,
Where Barnhills hewed his bed of flint ;
Who flung his outlawed limbs to rest,
Where falcons hang their giddy nest,
Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye,
For many a league, his prey could spy ;
Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne,
The terrors of the robber's horn ;
Cliffs, which, for many a later year,
The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
When some sad swain shall teach the grove,
Ambition is no cure for love.

Unchallenged, thence past Deloraine
To ancient Riddell's fair domain,
Where Aill, from mountains freed,
Down from the lakes did raving come ;
Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chesnut steed.

* An ancient Roman road, crossing through part of Roxburghshire.

† A romantic assemblage of cliffs, which rise suddenly above the vale of Teviot, in the immediate vicinity of the family-seat from which Lord Minto takes his title. A small platform, on a projecting crag, commanding a most beautiful prospect, is termed *Barnhills' Bed*. This Barnhills is said to have been a robber, or outlaw. There are remains of a strong tower beneath the rocks, where he is supposed to have dwelt, and from which he derived his name.

In vain ! no torrent, deep or broad,
Might bar the bold mosstrooper's road.

At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
And the water broke o'er the saddle bow ;
Above the foaming tide, I ween,
Scarce half the charger's neck was seen ;
For he was barded* from counter to tail,
And the rider was armed complete in mail ;
Never heavier man nor horse
Stemmed a midnight torrent's force.
The warrior's very plume, I say,
Was daggled by the dashing spray ;
Yet, through good heart, and our Layde's grace,
At length he gained the landing place.

Now Bowden moor the marchman won,
And sternly shook his plumed head,
As glanced his eye o'er Halidon ;†
For on his soul the slaughter red
Of that unhallowed morn arose,
When first the Scott and Car were foes ;
When royal James beheld the fray,
Prize to the victor of the day ;
When Home and Douglas, in the van,
Bore down Buccleugh's retiring clan,
Till gallant Cessford's heartblood dear
Reeked on dark Elliot's Border spear.

‡ *Barded*, or *barbed*, applied to a horse accoutred with defensive armour.

† *Halidon-hill*, on which the battle of Melrose was fought.

In bitter mood he spurred fast,
And soon the hated heath was past ;
And far beneath, in lustre wan,
Old Melrose rose, and fair Tweed ran
Like some tall rock, with lichens gray,
Seemed, dimly huge, the dark Abbaye
When Hawick he passed, had curfew rung,
Now midnight lauds* were in Melrose sung.
The sound upon the fitful gale,
In solemn wise did rise and fail,
Like that wild harp, whose magic tone
Is wakened by the winds alone.
But when Melrose he reached, 'twas silence all ;
He meetly stabled his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's lonely wall.

With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,
He struck full loud, and struck full long.
The porter hurried to the gate—
“Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?”
“From Branksome I,” the warrior cried ;
And straight the wicket opened wide :
For Branksome's chiefs had in battle stood,
To fence the rights of fair Melrose ;
And lands and livings, many a rood,
Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.

Bold Deloraine his errand said ;
The porter bent his humble head ;
With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
And noiseless step, the path he trod :

* *Lauds*, the midnight service of the Catholic church.

The arched cloisters, far and wide,
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride;
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
He entered the cell of the ancient priest,
And lifted his barred aventayle,*
To hail the monk of Saint Mary's aisle.

"The Ladye of Branksome greets thee by me;
Says, that the fated hour is come,
And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb."
From sackcloth couch the monk arose,
With toil his stiffened limbs he reared;
A hundred years had flung their snows
On his thin locks and floating beard.
And strangely on the knight looked he,
And his blue eyes gleamed wild and wide;
"And, darest thou, warrior! seek to see
What heaven and hell alike would hide?
My breast, in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn;
For threescore years, in penance spent,
My knees those flinty stones have worn;
Yet all too little to atone
For knowing what should ne'er be known.
Would'st thou thy every future year
In ceaseless prayer and penance dree,
Yet wait thy latter end with fear—
Then, daring warrior, follow me!"

* *Aventayle*, visor of the helmet.

“Penance, father, will I none;
Prayer know I hardly one;
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Save to patter an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a Border foray:
Other prayer can I none;
So speed me my errand, and let me begone.”

Again on the knight looked the churchman old,
And again he sighed heavily,
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy.
And he thought on the days that were long since by,
When his limbs were strong, and his courage was
high:—

Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
Where, cloistered round, the garden lay:
The pillared arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.*

Spreading herbs, and flow’rets bright,
Glistened with the dew of night:
Nor herb, nor flow’ret, glistened there,
But was carved in the cloister arches as fair.

The monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
Then into the night he looked forth;
And red and bright the streamers light
Were dancing in the glowing north.
So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadrons start;

* The cloisters were frequently used as places of sepulture. An instance occurs in Dryburgh Abbey, where the cloister has an inscription, bearing, *Hic jacet frater Archibaldus*.

Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
That spirits were riding the northern light.

By a steel-clenched postern door,
They entered now the chancel tall :
The darkened roof rose high aloof
On pillars, lofty, and light, and small ;
The keystone, that locked each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys, or quartre-feuille :
The corbells* were carved grotesque and grim ;
And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourished around,
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

Full many a scutcheon and banner, riven,
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
Around the screened altar's pale ;
And there the dying lamps did burn,
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant chief of Otterburne !†

* *Corbells*, the projections from which the arches spring, usually cut in a fantastic face or mask.

† The famous and desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August, 1388, betwixt Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James Earl of Douglas. Both these renowned champions were at the head of a chosen body of troops, and they were rivals in military fame, so that Froissart affirms, "Of all the batayles and encounterings that I have made mention of here before in all this hystory, great or smalle, this batayle that I treat of now was one of the sorest and best foughten, without cowardes or faynte hertes ; for there was neyther knyghte nor squyer but that dyde his devoyre, and fought hande to hande. This batayle was lyke the batayle of Becherell the which was valiantly fought and endured." The issue of the conflict is well known. Percy was made prisoner, and the Scots won the day, dearly purchased by the death of their gallant gene-

And thine, dark knight of Liddesdale !
O fading honours of the dead !
O high ambition lowly laid !

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined :
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand,
In many a freakish knot, had twined ;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet and many a saint
Whose image on the glass was died ;
Full in the midst, his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

They sate them down on a marble stone ;
(A Scottish monarch slept below ;)
Thus spoke the monk in solemn tone ;—
“ I was not always a man of wo ;
For Paynim countries I have trod,
And fought beneath the cross of God :
Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear,
And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

ral, the Earl of Douglas, who was slain in the action. He was buried at Melrose beneath the high altar. “ His obsequye was done reverently, and on his bodye layde a tombe of stone, and his baner hangyng over hym.”—*Froissart*.

“ In these far climes, it was my lot
To meet the wonderous Michael Scott ;*
A wizzard of such dreaded fame,
That when, in Salamanca’s cave,
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre dame !
Some of his skill he taught to me ;
And, warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone ;
But to speak them were a deadly sin ;
And for having but thought them my heart within,
A treble penance must be done.

“ When Michael lay on his dying bed,
His conscience was awakened ;
He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And he gave me a sign to come with speed ;
I was in Spain when the morning rose,
But I stood by his bed ere evening close,
The words may not again be said,
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid ;
They would rend this Abbaye’s massy nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

“ I swore to bury his mighty book,
That never mortal might therein look ;

* Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie, flourished during the 13th century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496 ; and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchymy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries, for a skilful magician.

And never to tell where it was hid,
Save at the chief of Branksome's need ;
And when that need was past and o'er,
Again the volume to restore.
I buried him on Saint Michael's night,
When the bell tolled one, and the moon was bright.
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave,
And scare the fiends from the wizzard's grave.

"It was a night of wo and dread,
When Michael in the tomb I laid !
Strange sounds along the chancel past ;
The banners waved without a blast,"—
—Still spoke the monk, when the bell tolled one !
I tell you that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need
Against a foe ne'er spurred a steed ;
Yet somewhat was he chilled with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

"Lo, warrior ! now, the cross of red,
Points to the grave of the mighty dead ;
Within it burns a wonderous light
To chase the spirits that love the night ;
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be."
Slow moved the monk to the broad flag-stone,
Which the bloody cross was traced upon ;
He pointed to a secret nook ;
An iron bar the warrior took ;

And the monk made a sign with his withered hand,
The grave's huge portal to expand.

With beating heart, to the task he went;
His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent;
With bar of iron heaved amain,
Till the toil drops fell from his brows, like rain.
It was by dint of passing strength,
That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there, to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Streamed upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright;
It shone like heaven's own blessed light;
 And, issuing from the tomb,
Showed the monk's cowl and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-brown warrior's mail,
 And kissed his waving plume;

Before their eyes the wizzard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver rolled,
He seemed some seventy winters old;
A palmer's amice wrapped him round;
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
 Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea;
His left hand held his book of might;
A silver cross was in his right;
 The lamp was placed beside his knee;
High and majestic was his look,
At which the fellest fiends had shook,

And all unruffled was his face—
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.
Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
And trampled down the warriors slain,
And neither known remorse nor awe;
Yet now remorse and awe he owned;
His breath came thick, his head swam round,
When this strange scene of death he saw.
Bewildered and unnerved he stood,
And the priest prayed fervently and loud;
With eyes averted, prayed he,
He might not endure the sight to see,
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

And when the priest his death-prayer had prayed,
Thus unto Deloraine he said;—
“Now, speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, warrior, we may dearly rue;
For those, thou may'st not look upon,
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone!”
Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the mighty book,
With iron clasped, and with iron bound;
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frowned:
But the glare of the sepulchral light,
Perchance, had dazzled the warrior's sight.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
The night returned in double gloom;
For the moon had gone down, and the stars were few;
And, as the knight and priest withdrew,

With wavering steps and dizzy brain,
They hardly might the postern gain.
'Tis said as through the aisles they passed,
They heard strange noises on the blast;
And through the cloister-galleries small,
Which at midheight thread the chancel wall,
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man;
As if the fiends kept holiday,
Because these spells were brought to-day.
I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

"Now, hie thee hence," the father said;
"And, when we are on death-bed laid,
O may our dear Layde, and sweet Saint John,
Forgive our souls for the deed we have done!"
The monk returned him to his cell,
And many a prayer and penance sped;
When the convent met at the noontide bell—
The monk of Saint Mary's aisle was dead!
Before the cross was the body laid,
With hands clasped fast, as if still he prayed.

The knight breathed free in the morning wind,
And strove his hardihood to find;
He was glad when he passed the tombstones gray,
Which girdle round the fair Abbaye;
For the mystic book, to his bosom prest,
Felt like a load upon his breast;
And his joints with the nerves of iron twined,
Shook like the aspen leaves in wind.

Full fain was he when the dawn of day
Began to brighten Cheviot gray ;
He joyed to see the cheerful light,
And he said Ave Mary, as well as he might.

The sun had brightened Cheviot gray ;
The sun had brightened the Carter's* side ;
And soon beneath the rising day
Smiled Branksome's towers and Teviot's tide.

When downward from the shady hill
A stately knight came pricking on.
That warrior's steed so dapple-gray
Was dark with sweat, and splashed with clay :
His armour red with many a stain ;
He seemed in such a weary plight,
As if he had ridden the livelong night ;
For it was William of Deloraine.

THE SCOTTISH CAMP.

Much he marvelled one small land
Could marshal forth such various band :
For men-at-arms were here,
Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,
Like iron towers for strength and weight,
On Flemish steeds of bone and height,
With battle-axe and spear.
Young knights and squires, a lighter train,
Practised their chargers on the plain,
By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,

* A mountain on the border of England, above Jedburgh.

Each warlike feat to show ;
To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,
And high curvet, that not in vain
The sword-sway might descend amain
 On foeman's casque below.
He saw the hardy burghers there
March armed, on foot, with faces bare,
 For visor they wore none ;
Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight,
But burnished were their corslets bright :
Their brigantines, and gorgets light,
 Like very silver shone.
Long pikes they had for standing fight,
 Two-handed swords they wore,
And many wielded mace of weight,
 And bucklers bright they bore.

On foot the yeomen too, but dressed
In his steel jack, a swarthy vest,
 With iron quilted well ;
Each at his back, a slender store,
His forty days' provision bore,
 As feudal statutes tell.
His arms were halbard, axe, or spear,
A cross-bow there, a hagbut here.
 A dagger-knife, and brand.—
Sober he seemed, and sad of cheer,
As loth to leave his cottage dear,
 And march to foreign strand ;
Or musing, who would guide his steer,
 To till the fallow land.
Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye
Did aught of dastard terror lie,—

More dreadful far his ire
Than theirs, who, scorning danger's name,
In eager mood to battle came,
Their valour like light straw on flame,
A fierce but fading fire.

Not so the Borderer:—bred to war,
He knew the battle's din afar,
And joyed to hear it swell.
His peaceful day was slothful ease;
Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could please,
Like the loud slogan yell.
On active steed, with lance and blade,
The light armed pricker plied his trade,—
Let nobles fight for fame;
Let vassals follow where they lead,
Burghers, to guard their townships, bleed,
But war's the Borderers' game.
Their gain, their glory, their delight,
To sleep the day, maraud the night,
O'er mountain, moss, and moor;
Joyful to fight they took their way,
Scarce caring who might win the day,
Their booty was secure.
These, as Lord Marmion's train passed by,
Looked on, at first, with careless eye,
Nor marvelled aught, well taught to know,
The form and force of English bow.
But when they saw the Lord arrayed
In splendid arms, and rich brocade,
Each Borderer to his kinsman said,
"Hist, Ringan! seest thou there!"

Canst guess which road they'll homeward ride !
O ! could we but, on Border side,
By Eusdale glen, or Liddell's tide,
Beset a prize so fair !
That fangless Lion, too, their guide,
Might chance to lose his glistering hide ;
Brown Maudlin of that doublet pied
Could make a kirtle rare."

Next Marmion marked the Celtic race,
Of different language, form, and face,
A various race of man ;
Just then the chiefs their tribes arrayed,
And wild and garish semblance made,
The chequered trews, and belted plaid,
And varying notes the war-pipes brayed
To every varying clan ;
Wild through their red or sable hair
Looked out their eyes, with savage stare,
On Marmion as he past ;
Their legs, above the knee were bare ;
Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare
And hardened to the blast ;
Of taller race the chiefs they own
Were by the eagle's plumage known.
The hunted red-deer's undressed hide
The hairy buskins well supplied ;
The graceful bonnet decked their head ;
Back from their shoulders hung the plaid ;
A broad-sword of unwieldy length ;
A dagger, proved for edge and strength ;

A studded targe they wore,
And quivers, bows, and shafts,—but, O!
Short was the shaft, and weak the bow,
To that which England bore.
The Isles-men carried at their backs,
The ancient Danish battle-axe.
They raised a wild and wondering cry,
As with his guide rode Marmion by.

BERTRAM, THE BUCANIER.

In the castle court below,
Voices are heard, and torches glow,
As marshalling the stranger's way
Straight for the room where Oswald lay;
The cry was—"Tidings from the host,
Of weight,—a messenger comes post."
Stifling the tumult of his breast,
His answer Oswald thus expressed—
"Bring food and wine, and trim the fire;
Admit the stranger, and retire."—

The stranger came with heavy stride,
The morion's plumes his visage hide,
And the buff coat, in ample fold,
Mantles his form's gigantic mould.
Full slender answer deigned he
To Oswald's anxious courtesy,
But marked by a disdainful smile,
He saw and scorned the petty wile,
When Oswald changed the torch's place,
Anxious that on the soldier's face

Its partial lustre might be thrown,
To show his looks, yet hide his own.
His guest, the while, laid slow aside
The ponderous cloak of tough bull's hide,
And to the torch glanced broad and clear
The corslet of a cuirassier ;
Then from his brows the casque he drew,
And from the dank plume dashed the dew,
From gloves of mail relieved his hands,
And spread them to the kindling brands,
And, turning to the genial board,
Without a health, or pledge, or word
Of meet and social reverence said,
Deeply he drank, and fiercely fed ;
As free from ceremony's sway,
As famished wolf that tears his prey.

With deep impatience tinged with fear,
His host beheld him gorge his cheer,
And quaff the full carouse that lent
His brow a fiercer hardiment.
Now Oswald stood a pace aside,
Now paced the room with hasty stride,
In feverish agony to learn
Tidings of deep and dread concern,
Cursing each moment that his guest
Protracted o'er his ruffian feast.
Yet, viewing with alarm, at last,
The end of that uncouth repast,
Almost he seemed their haste to rue,
As, at his sign, his train withdrew,
And left him with the stranger, free
To question of his mystery.

Then did his silence long proclaim
A struggle between fear and shame.

Much in the stranger's mien appears,
To justify suspicious fears.
On his dark face a scorching clime
And toil had done the work of time,
Roughened the brow, the temples bared,
And sable hairs with silver shared,
Yet left—what age alone could tame—
The lip of pride, the eye of flame,
The full-drawn lip that upward curled,
The eye, that seemed to scorn the world.
That lip had terror never blanched,
Ne'er in that eye had tear-drop quenched ;
The flash severe of swarthy glow,
That mocked at pain, and knew not wo ;
Inured to danger's direst form,
Tornado and earthquake, flood and storm,
Death had he seen by sudden blow,
By wasting plague, by tortures slow,
By mine or breach, by steel or ball,
Knew all his shapes, and scorned them all.

But yet, though Bertram's hardened look,
Unmoved, could blood and danger brook,
Still worse than apathy had place
On his swart brow and callous face ;
For evil passions, cherished long,
Had ploughed them with impressions strong.
All that gives gloss to sin, all gay
Light folly, past with youth away,

But rooted stood, in manhood's hour,
The weeds of vice without their flower.
And yet the soil in which they grew,
Had it been tamed when life was new
Had depth and vigour to bring forth
The hardier fruits of virtuous worth.
Not that, e'en then, his heart had known
The gentler feelings' kindly tone;
But lavish waste had been refined
To bounty in his chastened mind,
And lust of gold, that waste to feed,
Been lost in love of glory's meed,
And, frantic then no more, his pride
Had ta'en fair virtue for its guide.

E'en now, by conscience unrestrained,
Clogged by gross vice, by slaughter stained,
Still knew his daring soul to soar,
And mastery o'er the mind he bore;
For meaner guilt, or heart less hard,
Quailed beneath Bertram's bold regard.

BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

At length his eye
Unusual movement might descry,
Amid the shifting lines :
The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For, flashing on the edge of spears
The eastern sunbeam shines.

Their front now deepening, now extending ;
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
Now drawing back, and now descending,
The skilful Marmion well could know,
They watched the motions of some foe,
Who traversed on the plain below.

E'en so it was;—from Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
And heedful watched them as they crossed
The Till by Twisel Bridge.

High sight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile ;
Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.

By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
Troop after troop is disappearing :
Troop after troop their banners rearing,
Upon the eastern bank you see.

Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,
And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,

And bending o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.

That morn, to many a trumpet-clang,
Twisel ! thy rock's deep echo rang ;
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Saint Helen ! at thy fountain drank.

Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead?
What vails the vain knight-errant's brand?—
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right!"
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannock-bourne!—
The precious hour has passed in vain,
And England's host has gained the plain;
Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden-hill.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,—
"Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!
And see ascending squadrons come

Between Tweed's river and the hill,
Foot, horse, and cannon;—hap what hap,
My basnet to a prentice cap,

Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!—

Yet more! yet more!—how fair arrayed
They file from out the hawthorn shade
And sweep so gallant by!

With all their banners bravely spread,
And all their armour flashing high,
Saint George might waken from the dead,
To see fair England's banners fly.”—

“Stint in thy prate,” quoth Blount; “thou'dst best
And listen to our lord's behest.”—

With kindling brow Lord Marmion said—

“This instant be our band arrayed;
The river must be quickly crossed,
That we may join Lord Surrey's host.
If fight King James,—as well I trust,
That fight he will, and fight he must,—
The Lady Clare behind our lines
Shall tarry, while the battle joins.”

Himself he swift on horseback threw,
Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu;

Far less would listen to his prayer,
To leave behind the helpless Clare.
Down to the Tweed his band he drew,
And muttered, as the flood they view,

“The pheasant in the falcon's claw,
He scarce will yield to please a daw:
Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,
So Clare shall bide with me.”

Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,
Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,
He ventured desperately ;
And not a moment will he bide,
Till squire, or groom, before him ride ;
Headmost of all he stems the tide,
And stems it gallantly.
Eustace held Clare upon her horse,
Old Hubert led her rein,
Stoutly they braved the current's course,
And, though far downward driven per force,
The southern bank they gain ;
Behind them, struggling, came to shore,
As best they might, the train :
Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore,
A caution not in vain ;
Deep need that day that every string,
By wet unharmed, should sharply ring.
A moment then Lord Marmion staid,
And breathed his steed, his men arrayed,
Then forward moved his band,
Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
He halted by a cross of stone,
That on a hillock standing lone,
Did all the field command.

Hence might they see the full array
Of either host, for deadly fray ;
Their marshalled line stretched east and west,
And fronted north and south,
And distant salutation past
From the loud cannon mouth ;

Not in the close successive rattle,
That breathes the voice of modern battle,
But slow and far between.—

The hillock gained, Lord Marmion staid :

“Here, by this cross,” he gently said,

“You well may view the scene.

Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare :

O ! think of Marmion in thy prayer !

Thou wilt not ?—well,—no less my care

Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—

You, Blount, and Eustace, are her guard,

With ten picked archers of my train ;

With England if the day go hard,

To Berwick speed amain.—

But if we conquer, cruel maid !

My spoils shall at your feet be laid,

When here we meet again.”—

He waited not for answer there ;

And would not mark the maid’s despair,

Nor heed the discontented look

From either squire ; but spurred amain,

And, dashing through the battle plain,

His way to Surrey took.

“——The good Lord Marmion, by my life !

Welcome to danger’s hour !—

Short greeting serves in time of strife :—

Thus have I ranged my power :

Myself will rule this central host,

Stout Stanley fronts their right,

My sons command the vanward post,

With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight ;

Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
Shall be in rearward of the fight,
And succour those that need it most.
Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
Would gladly to the vanguard go ;
Edmund, the admiral, Tunstall there,
With thee their charge will blithely share ;
There fight thine own retainers too,
Beneath De Burg, thy steward true.”—
“Thanks, noble Surrey!” Marmion said,
Nor further greeting there he paid ;
But, parting like a thunderbolt,
First in the vanguard made a halt,
Where such a shout there rose
Of “Marmion! Marmion!” that the cry
Up Flodden Mountain shrilling high,
Startled the Scottish foes.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill ;
On which (for far the day was spent)
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view :
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
“Unworthy office here to stay,
No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—
But, see! look up—on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.”

And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke ;

Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke ;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march ; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain throne
King James did rushing come.—
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon point they close,—
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust ;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air.
Long looked the anxious squires ; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast ;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears ;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave ;
But nought distinct they see :
Wide raged the battle on the plain ;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain ;

Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly :
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight,
Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntley, and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broad-sword plied :
'Twas vain.—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,—

The Howard's lion fell ;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell.

The Border slogan rent the sky :
A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry ;
Loud were the clanging blows ;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose :

As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered mid the foes.

No longer Blount the view could bear:—

“By Heaven, and all its saints! I swear,
I will not see it lost!

Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads, and patter prayer,—
I gallop to the host.”

And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.

The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large,—

The rescued banner rose;—

But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.

Then Eustace mounted too;—yet staid,
As loath to leave the helpless maid,

When, fast as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,

Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone:
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels:

Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.
The scattered van of England wheels;—
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there?"
They fly, or, maddened by despair,
Fight but to die.—"Is Wilton there?"
With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand;
His arms were smeared with blood, and sand.
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dented shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion!—
Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said—"By Saint George, he's gone!
That spear wound has our master sped;
And see the deep cut on his head!
Good night to Marmion."
"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
Cry—'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain!

Last of my race on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again !—
Yet my last thought is England's :—fly,
To Dacre bear my signet-ring :
Tell him his squadrons up to bring—
Fitz-Eustace to Lord Surrey hie :
Tunstall lies dead upon the field ;
His life-blood stains the spotless shield :
Edmund is down ;—my life is reft ;—
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur and fire,—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.—
Must I bid twice ?—hence, varlets ! fly !
Leave Marmion here alone—to die.”—
They parted, and alone he lay ;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured,—“ Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water, from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst !”—

O, woman ! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made ;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When with the Baron's casque, the maid

To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew,
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn!—behold her mark
A little fountain-cell,
Where water, clear as diamond-spark
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
“DRINK. WEARY. PILGRIM. DRINK. AND. PRAY.
FOR. THE. KIND. SOUL. OF. SYBIL GREY.
WHO. BUILT. THIS. CROSS. AND. WELL.”
She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And as she stooped his brow to lave—
“Is it the hand of Clare,” he said,
“Or injured Constance, bathes my head?”
Then, as remembrance rose,—
“Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!”—

“Alas!” she said, “the while,—
O think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She died at Holy Isle.”

Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents, from his wounded side.
“Then it was truth!”—he said—“I knew
That the dark presage must be true.—
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder’s lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand.”—
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling Monk.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch, the gushing wound:
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church’s prayers;—
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady’s voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,

*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with the groans of the dying !"*

So the notes rung.

" Avoid thee, Fiend !—with cruel hand,

Shake not the dying sinner's sand !

O look, my son, upon yon sign

Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;

O think on faith and bliss !—

By many a death-bed I have been

And many a sinner's parting seen,

But never aught like this."—

The war, that for a space did fail,

Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,

And—Stanley was the cry ;—

A light on Marmion's visage spread,

And fired his glazing eye :

With dying hand, above his head

He shook the fragment of his blade,

And shouted " Victory !—

" Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on !"

Were the last words of Marmion.

By this, though deep the evening fell,

Still rose the battle's deadly swell,

For still the Scots, around their king,

Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.

Where's now their victor vaward wing,

Where Huntley, and where Home ?—

O for a blast of that dread horn,

On Fontarabian echoes borne,

That to King Charles did come,

When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
 On Roncesvalles died !
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
 While yet on Flodden side
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils and bleeds and dies,
 Our Caledonian pride !
In vain the wish—for far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.—
“O Lady,” cried the Monk, “away !”—
 And placed her on her steed ;
And led her to the chapel fair,
 Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.
There all the night they spent in prayer,
And, at the dawn of morning, there
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed ;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
 That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men deal the ghastly blow,
 Unbroken was the ring ;

The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;—
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well,
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln, and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,

Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield !

GLENFINLAS.*

"O HONE a rie'! O hone a rie'!"†
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see lord Ronald more!

O, sprung from great Macgillianore,
The chief that never feared a foe,

* The tradition upon which the following stanzas are founded, runs thus: While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bathy*, (a hut built for the purpose of hunting,) and making merry over their venison and whiskey, one of them expressed a wish that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the Syren, who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut: the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trumpet, or Jewsharp, some strain consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend, into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called, *The Glen of the Green Women*.

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest ground, lying in the highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callender, in Monteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and now belongs to the earl of Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent district of Balquidder, was, in times of yore, chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the west of the forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch Katrine, and its romantic avenue called the Trosachs. Benledi, Benmore, and Benvoirlich, are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The river Teith passes Callender and the castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The pass of Lenny is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highlands from that town. Glenartney is a forest near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a sublime tract of Alpine scenery.

† *O hone a rie'* signifies, "Alas for the prince, or chief."

How matchless was thy broad claymore,
How deadly thine unerring bow!

Well can the Saxon widows tell,
How, on the Teith's resounding shore,
The boldest lowland warriors fell,
As down from Lenny's pass you bore.

But o'er his hills, on festal day,
How blazed lord Ronald's beltane tree;
While youths and maids the light strathspey
So nimbly danced with Highland glee.

Cheered by the strength of Ronald's shell,
E'en age forgot his tresses hoar;
But now the loud lament we swell,
O, ne'er to see lord Ronald more!

From distant isles a chieftain came,
The joys of Ronald's hall to find,
And chase with him the dark brown game,
That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

'Twas Moy; whom, in Columba's isle,
The Seer's prophetic spirit found,
As, with a Minstrel's fire the while,
He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known,
Which wandering spirits shrink to hear;
And many a lay of potent tone,
Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood,
High converse with the dead they hold,
And oft espy the fated shroud,
That shall the future corpse enfold.

O so it fell, that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,
The chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scoured the deep Glenfinlas' glen.

No vassals wait, their sports to aid,
To watch their safety, deck their board:
Their simple dress, the Highland plaid;
Their trusty guard, the Highland sword.

Three summer days, through brake and dell,
Their whistling shafts successful flew;
And still, when dewy evening fell,
The quarry to their hut they drew.

In gray Glenfinlas' deepest nook
The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
When three successive days had flown;
And summer mist in dewy balm
Steeped heathy bank, and mossy stone.

The moon, half hid in silvery flakes
Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise,
Their sylvan fare the chiefs enjoy ;
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes,
As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

—"What lack we here to crown our bliss,
While thus the pulse of joy beats high?
What, but fair woman's yielding kiss,
Her panting breath and melting eye?"

"To chase the deer of yonder shades,
This morning left their father's pile
The fairest of our mountain maids,
The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

"Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart,
And dropped the tear, and heaved the sigh:
But vain the lover's wily art,
Beneath the sister's watchful eye.

"But thou may'st teach that guardian fair,
While far with Mary I am flown,
Of other hearts to cease her care,
And find it hard to guard her own.

"Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
Unmindful of her charge and me,
Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile.

"Or, if she choose a melting tale,
All underneath the green-wood bough,
Will good St. Oran's rule prevail,
Stern huntsman of the rigid brow?"—

—“ Since Enrick’s fight, since Morna’s death,
No more on me shall rapture rise,
Responsive to the panting breath,
Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

“ E’en then, when o’er the heath of wo,
Were sunk my hopes of love and fame,
I bade my harp’s wild wailings flow,
On me the Seer’s sad spirit came.

“ The last dread curse of angry Heaven,
With ghastly sights and sounds of wo,
To dash each glimpse of joy, was given ;
The gift, the future ill to know.

“ The bark thou saws’t, yon summer morn,
So gayly part from Oban’s bay,
My eye beheld her dashed and torn,
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

“ Thy Fergus too, thy sister’s son,
Thou saw’st, with pride, the gallant’s prone,
As marching ’gainst the lord of Downe,
He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

“ Thou only saw’st their tartans* wave,
As down Benvoirlich’s side they wound,
Heard’st but the pibroch,† answering brave
To many a target clanking round.

* *Tartans*, the full Highland dress, made of the chequered stuff so termed.

† *Pibroch*, a piece of martial music, adapted to the Highland bagpipe.

"I heard the groans, I marked the tears,
I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the serried Saxon spears
He poured his clan's resistless roar.

"And thou, who bidst me think of bliss,
And bidst my heart awake to glee,
And court, like thee, the wanton kiss,
That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

"I see the death-damps chill thy brow,
I hear thy Warning Spirit cry;
The corpse-lights dance; they're gone, and now!—
No more is given to gifted eye!"——

——"Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
Sad prophet of the evil hour!
Say, should we scorn joy's transient beams?
Because to-morrow's storm may lour?

"Or false, or sooth, thy words of wo,
Clangillian's chieftain ne'er shall fear;
His blood shall bound at rapture's glow,
Though doomed to stain the Saxon spear.

"E'en now, to meet me in yon dell,
My Mary's buskins brush the dew."
He spoke, nor bade the chief farewell,
But called his dogs and gay withdrew.

Within an hour returned each hound;
In rushed the rousers of the deer;
They howled in melancholy sound,
Then closely couch beside the Seer.

No Ronald yet; though midnight came,
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
As bending o'er the dying flame,
He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
And sudden cease their moaning howl;
Close pressed to Moy, they mark their fears
By shivering limbs, and stifled growl.

Untouched, the harp began to ring,
As softly, slowly, oped the door;
And shook responsive every string,
As light a footstep pressed the floor.

And, by the watchfire's glimmering light,
Close by the Minstrel's side was seen
A huntress maid, in beauty bright,
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem;
Chilled was her cheek, her bosom bare,
As, bending o'er the dying gleam,
She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush she softly said,
"O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,
In deep Glenfinlas' moonlight glade,
A lovely maid in vest of green;

"With her a chief in Highland pride;
His shoulders bear the hunter's bow,
The mountain dirk adorns his side,
Far on the wind his tartans flow?"

“And who art thou? and who are they?”

All ghastly gazing, Moy replied;

“And why, beneath the moon’s pale ray,

Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas’ side?”

“Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,

Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,

Our father’s towers o’erhang her side,

The castle of the bold Glengyle.

“To chase the dun Glenfinlas’ deer,

Our woodland course this morn we bore,

And haply met, while wandering here,

The son of great Macgillianore.

“O aid me, then, to seek the pair,

Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost;

Alone, I dare not venture there,

Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost.”

“Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there;

Then, first, my own sad vow to keep,

Here will I pour my midnight prayer,

Which still must rise when mortals sleep.”

“O first, for pity’s gentle sake,

Guide a lone wanderer on her way!

For I must cross the haunted brake,

And reach my father’s towers ere day.”

“First, three times tell each Ave bead,

And thrice a Paternoster say:

Then kiss with me the holy reed:

So shall we safely wind our way.”

“O shame to knighthood, strange and foul!

Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
Which best befits thy sullen vow.

“Not so, by high Dunlathmon’s fire,
Thy heart was froze to love and joy,
When gayly rung thy raptured lyre,
To wanton Morna’s melting eye.”

Wild stared the Minstrel’s eyes of flame,
And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his colour went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.

“And thou! when by the blazing oak
I lay, to her and love resigned,
Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
Or sailed ye on the midnight wind?

“Not thine a race of mortal blood,
Nor old Glengyle’s pretended line;
Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood,
Thy sire, the monarch of the Mine.”

He muttered thrice St. Oran’s rhyme,
And thrice St. Fillan’s powerful prayer;
Then turned him to the eastern clime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And, bending o’er his harp, he flung
His wildest witchnotes on the wind;
And loud, and high, and strange, they rung,
As many a magic change they find.

Tall waxed the Spirit's altering form,
Till to the roof her stature grew;
Then, mingling with the rising storm,
With one wild yell, away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear;
The slender hut in fragments flew;
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise;
High o'er the minstrel's head they sail,
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell;
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next, dropped from high a mangled arm;
The fingers strained a halfdrawn blade:
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,
Streamed the proud crest of high Benmore,
That arm the broad claymore could wield,
Which died the Teith with Saxon gore.

Wo to Moneira's sullen rills!
Wo to Glenfinlas' dreary glen!
There never son of Albin's hills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen!

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
The wayward ladies of the Glen.

And we, behind the chieftain's shield,
No more shall we in safety dwell;
None leads the people to the field,
And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

PITT AND FOX.

With more than mortal powers endowed,
How high they soared above the crowd!
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place;
Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar;
Beneath each banner proud to stand
Looked up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were known
The names of Pitt and Fox alone.
Spells of such force no wizzard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.

These spells are spent, and, spent with these,
The wine of life is on the lees.
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tombed beneath the stone,
Where,—taming thought to human pride!—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier ;
O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry,
"Here let their discord with them die !
Speak not for those a separate doom,
Whom fate made brothers in the tomb,
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like agen?"

PATRIOTISM.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,
For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose* aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seemed framed of ebon and ivory:
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view Saint David's ruined pile;
And home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

* The ancient and beautiful monastery of Melrose was founded by King David I. Its ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture, and Gothic sculpture, which Scotland can boast. The stone of which it is built, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrought.

MATILDA.

In its dark-brown rings, her hair,
Half hid Matilda's forehead fair,
Half hid and half revealed to view
Her full dark eye of hazel hue.
The rose, with faint and feeble streak,
So slightly tinged the maiden's cheek,
That you had said her hue was pale,
But if she faced the summer gale,
Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,
Or heard the praise of those she loved,
Or when of interest was expressed
Aught that waked feeling in her breast,
The mantling blood in ready play
Rivalled the blush of rising day,
There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark and downcast eye;
The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, composed, resigned;
'Tis that which Roman art has given,
To mark their maiden queen of heaven,
In hours of sport, that mood gave way
To Fancy's light and frolic play,
And when the dance, or tale, or song,
In harmless mirth sped time along,
Full oft her doating sire would call
His Maud the merriest of them all.
But days of war, and civil crime,
Allowed but ill such festal time,

And her soft pensiveness of brow
Had deepened into sadness now.
In Marston field her father ta'en,
His friends dispersed, brave Mortham slain,
While every ill her soul foretold,
From Oswald's thirst of power and gold,
And boding thoughts that she must part
With a soft vision of her heart.
All lowered around the lovely maid,
To darken her dejection's shade.

REDMOND.

THE orphan child
Soon on his new protectors smiled,
With dimpled cheek and eye so fair,
Through his thick curls of flaxen hair.
But blithest laughed that cheek and eye,
When Rokeby's little maid was nigh;
'Twas his, with elder brother's pride,
Matilda's tottering steps to guide;
His native lays in Irish tongue,
To sooth her infant ear he sung,
And primrose twined with daisy fair,
To form a chaplet for her hair.
By lawn, by grove, by brooklet's strand,
The children still were hand in hand,
And good sir Richard smiling eyed
The early knot so kindly tied.

But summer months bring wilding shoot
From bud to bloom, from bloom to fruit ;

And years draw on our human span,
From child to boy, from boy to man :
And soon in Rokeby's woods is seen
A gallant boy in hunter's green.
He loves to wake the felon boar,
In his dark haunt on Greta's shore,
And loves, against the deer so dun
To draw the shaft, or lift the gun ;
Yet more he loves, in autumn prime,
The hazel's spreading boughs to climb,
And down its clustered stores to hail,
Where young Matilda holds her veil.
And she, whose veil receives the shower,
Is altered too, and knows her power ;
Assumes a monitress's pride,
Her Redmond's dangerous sports to chide,
Yet listens still to hear him tell
How the grim wild-boar fought and fell,
How at his fall the bugle rung,
Till rock and greenwood answer flung ;
Then blesses her, that man can find
A pastime of such savage kind !

But Redmond knew to weave his tale
So well with praise of wood and dale,
And knew so well each point to trace,
Gives living interest to the chase,
And knew so well o'er all to throw
His spirit's wild romantic glow,
That, while she blamed, and while she feared,
She loved each venturous tale she heard.
Oft, too, when drifted snow and rain
To bower and hall their steps restrain,

Together they explored the page
Of glowing bard or gifted sage,
Oft, placed the evening fire beside,
The minstrel art alternate tried,
While gladsome harp and lively lay
Bade winter-night flit fast away :
Thus from their childhood blending still
Their sport, their study, and their skill,
A union of the soul they prove,
But must not think that it was love.
But though they dared not, envious Fame
Soon dared to give that union name ;
And when so often, side by side,
From year to year the pair she eyed,
She sometimes blamed the good old knight,
As dull of ear and dim of sight,
Sometimes his purpose would declare,
That young O'Neale should wed his heir.

The suit of Wilfrid rent disguise
And bandage from the lovers' eyes ;
'Twas plain that Oswald, for his son
Had Rokeby's favour well nigh won.
Now must they meet with change of cheer,
With mutual looks of shame and fear ;
Now must Matilda stray apart,
To school her disobedient heart ;
And Redmond now alone must rue
The love he never can subdue.
But factions rose, and Rokeby sware,
No rebel's son should wed his heir ;
And Redmond, nurtured, while a child
In many a bard's traditions wild,

Now sought the lonely wood or stream,
To cherish there a happier dream,
Of maiden won by sword and lance,
As in the regions of romance ;
And count the heroes of his line.
Great Nial of the pledges nine,
Shane-Dymas wild, and Geraldine,
And Connan-More, who vowed his race
For ever to the fight and chase,
And cursed him, of his lineage born,
Should sheathe the sword to reap the corn,
Or leave the mountain and the wold,
To shroud himself in castled hold.
From such examples hope he drew,
And brightened as the trumpet blew.

If brides were won by heart and blade,
Redmond had both his cause to aid,
And all beside of nurture rare
That might beseem a baron's heir.
Turlough O'Neale, in Erin's strife,
On Rokeby's lord bestowed his life,
And well did Rokeby's generous knight
Young Redmond for the deed requite.
Nor was his liberal care and cost
Upon the gallant stripling lost :
Seek the North Riding broad and wide,
Like Redmond none could steed bestride ;
From Tynemouth search to Cumberland,
Like Redmond none could wield a brand ;
And then, of humour kind and free,
And bearing him to each degree
With frank and fearless courtesy,

There never youth was formed to steal
Upon the heart like brave O'Neale.

Sir Richard loved him as his son,
And when the days of peace were done,
And to the gales of war he gave
The banner of his sires to wave,
Redmond, distinguished by his care,
He chose that honoured flag to bear,
And named his page the next degree
In that old time to chivalry.
In five pitched fields he well maintained
The honoured place his worth obtained,
And high was Redmond's youthful name
Blazed in the roll of martial fame.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THAT morn's o'erclouded sun
Heard the wild shout of fight begun
Ere he attained his height,
And through the war-smoke volumed high,
Still peals that unremitted cry,
Though now he stoops to night.
For ten long hours of doubt and dread,
Fresh succours from the extended head
Of either hill the contest fed ;
Still down the slope they drew,
The charge of columns paused not,
Nor ceased the storm of shell and shot ;

For all that war could do
Of skill and force was proved that day,
And turned not yet the doubtful fray
On bloody Waterloo.

Pale Brussels! then what thoughts were thine,
When ceaseless from the distant line

Continued thunders came!
Each burgher held his breath, to hear
These forerunners of havoc near,
Of rapine and of flame.

What ghastly sights were thine to meet,
When, rolling through thy stately street,
The wounded showed their mangled plight
In token of the unfinished fight,
And from each anguish-laden wain
The blood-drops laid thy dust like rain!

How often in the distant drum
Heard'st thou the fell invader come,
While Ruin, shouting to his band,
Shook high her torch and gory brand!—
Cheer thee, fair city! from yon stand,
Impatient, still his outstretched hand

Points to his prey in vain,
While maddening in his eager mood,
And all unwont to be withstood,
He fires the fight again.

“On! on!” was still his stern exclaim;

“Confront the battery's jaws of flame!

Rush on the levelled gun!

My steel-clad cuirassiers, advance!

Each Hulan forward with his lance,

My Guard—my chosen—charge for France,
France and Napoleon !”

Loud answered their acclaiming shout,
Greeting the mandate which sent out
Their bravest and their best to dare
The fate their leader shunned to share.
But He, his country’s sword and shield,
Still in the battle-front revealed,
Where danger fiercest swept the field,
Came like a beam of light,
In action prompt, in sentence brief—
“Soldiers, stand firm,” exclaimed the Chief,
“England shall tell the fight!”

On came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest blast—
On came the whirlwind—steel gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke,
The war was waked anew,
Three hundred cannon-mouths roared loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rushed on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couched his ruthless spear,
And hurrying as to havoc near,
The Cohorts’ eagles flew.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset rolled along,
Forth harbingered by fierce acclaim,
That from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Pealed wildly the imperial name.

But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host ;
For not an eye the storm that viewed
Changed its proud glance of fortitude,
Nor was one forward footstep staid,
As dropped the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renewed each serried square ;
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminished files again,
Till from their line scarce spears' lengths three,
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet, and plume, and panoply—

Then waked their fire at once !
Each musketeer's revolving knell,
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practise to display
Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,
Down were the eagle banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corslets were pierced, and pennons rent ;
And to augment the fray,
Wheeled full against their staggering flanks,
The English horseman's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.

Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds—
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade ;
And while amid their close array,
The well-served cannon rent their way,

And while amid their scattered band
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoiled in common rout and fear,
Lancer, and guard, and cuirassier,
Horsemen, and foot—a mingled host,
Their leaders fall'n, their standards lost.

Then WELLINGTON! thy piercing eye
This crisis caught of destiny—

The British host had stood
That morn 'gainst charge of sword and lance
As their own ocean-rocks hold stance,
But when thy voice had said, “Advance!”

They were their ocean's flood:—
O Thou, whose inauspicious aim
Hath wrought thy host this hour of shame,
Think'st thou thy broken bands will bide
The terrors of yon rushing tide?
Or will thy Chosen brook to feel
The British shock of levelled steel?

Or dost thou turn thine eye
Where coming squadrons gleam afar,
And fresher thunders wake the war,
And other standards fly?—
Think not that in yon columns, file
Thy conquering troops from distant Dyle—

Is Blucher yet unknown?
Or dwells not in thy memory still,
(Heard frequent in thine hour of ill,)
What notes of hate and vengeance thrill

In Prussia's trumpet tone?
What yet remains?—shall it be thine
To head the reliques of thy line

In one dread effort more?—
The Roman lore thy leisure loved,
And thou can'st tell what fortune proved
That Chieftain, who, of yore,
Ambition's dizzy paths essayed,
And with the gladiator's aid
For empire enterprised—
He stood the cast his rashness played,
Left not the victim he had made,
Dug his red grave with his own blade,
And on the field he lost was laid,
Abhorred—but not despised.

But if revolves thy fainter thought
On safety—howsoever bought,
Then turn thy fearful rein and ride,
Though twice ten thousand men have died
On this eventful day,
To gild the military fame
Which thou, for life, in traffic tame,
Wilt barter thus away.
Shall future ages tell this tale
Of inconsistency faint and frail?
And art thou He of Lodi's bridge,
Marengo's field, and Wagram's ridge!
Or is thy soul like mountain-tide,
That, swelled by winter storm and shower,
Rolls down in turbulence of power
A torrent fierce and wide;
Reft of these aids, a rill obscure,
Shrinking unnoticed, mean, and poor,
Whose channel shows displayed

The wrecks of its impetuous course,
But not one symptom of the force
By which these wrecks were made !

Spur on thy way !—since now thine ear
Has brooked thy veterans' wish to hear,
Who, as thy flight they eyed,
Exclaimed—while tears of anguish came,
Wrung forth by pride, and rage, and shame—
“ Oh that he had but died ;”
But yet, to sum this hour of ill,
Look, ere thou leav'st the fatal hill,
Back on yon broken ranks—
Upon whose wild confusion gleams
The moon, as on the troubled streams
When rivers break their banks,
And, to the ruined peasant's eye,
Objects half seen roll swiftly by,
Down the dread current hurled—
So mingle banner, wain, and gun,
Where the tumultuous flight rolls on
Of warriors, who, when morn begun,
Defied a banded world.

List—frequent to the hurrying rout
The stern pursuers' vengeful shout
Tells, that upon their broken rear
Rages the Prussian's bloody spear.
So fell a shriek was none,
When Beresina's icy flood
Reddened and thawed with flame and blood,

And, pressing on thy desperate way,
Raised oft and long their wild hurra,
 The children of the Don.
Thine ear no yell of horror cleft
So ominous, when, all bereft
Of aid, the valiant Polack left—
Ay, left by thee—found soldier's grave
In Leipsic's corpse encumbered wave.
Fate, in these various perils past,
Reserved thee still some future cast ;—
On the dread die thou now hast thrown,
Hangs not a single field alone,
Nor one campaign—thy martial fame,
Thy empire, dynasty, and name,
 Have felt the final stroke ;
And now, o'er thy devoted head
The last stern vial's wrath is shed,
 The last dread seal is broke.

Since live thou wilt—refuse not now
Before these demagogues to bow,
Late objects of thy scorn and hate,
Who shall thy once imperial fate
Make wordy theme of vain debate.—
Or shall we say, thou stoop'st less low
In seeking refuge from the foe,
Against whose heart, in prosperous life,
Thine hand hath ever held the knife ?

Such homage hath been paid
By Roman and by Grecian voice,
And there were honour in the choice,
 If it were freely made.

Then safely come—in one so low,
So lost—we cannot own a foe;
Though dear experience bid us end,
In thee we ne'er can hail a friend.
Come, howsoe'r—but do not hide
Close in thy heart that germ of pride,
Erewhile by gifted bard espied,
 That “yet imperial hope;”
Think not that for a fresh rebound,
To raise ambition from the ground,
 We yield thee means or scope.
In safety come—but ne'er again
Hold type of independent reign;
 No islet calls thee lord,
We leave thee no confederate band,
No symbol of thy lost command,
To be a dagger in the hand
 From which we wrenched the sword.

Yet e'en in yon sequestered spot,
May worthier conquest be thy lot
 Than yet thy life has known;
Conquest, unbought by blood or harm,
That needs nor foreign aid nor arm,
 A triumph all thine own,
Such waits thee when thou shalt control
Those passions wild, that stubborn soul,
 That marred thy prosperous scene:
Hear this—from no unmoved heart,
Which sighs, comparing what thou art
 With what thou might'st have been!

Thou, too, whose deeds of fame renewed
Bankrupt a nation's gratitude,
To thine own noble heart must owe
More than the meed she can bestow.
For not a people's just acclaim,
Not the full hail of Europe's fame,
Thy prince's smiles, thy state's decree,
The ducal rank, the gartered knee,
Not these such pure delight afford
As that, when, hanging up thy sword,
Well may'st thou think. "This honest steel
Was ever drawn for public weal;
And, such was rightful Heaven's decree,
Ne'er sheathed unless with victory!"

Look forth, once more, with softened heart,
Ere from the field of fame we part;
Triumph and Sorrow border near,
And joy oft melts into a tear.
Alas! what links of love that morn
Has War's rude hand asunder torn!
For ne'er was field so sternly fought,
And ne'er was conquest dearer bought.
Here, piled in common slaughter, sleep
Those whom affection long shall weep;
Here rests the sire, that ne'er shall strain
His orphans to his heart again;
The son, whom, on his native shore,
The parent's voice shall bless no more;
The bridegroom, who has hardly pressed
His blushing consort to his breast;
The husband, whom, through many a year,
Long love and mutual faith endear.

Thou canst not name one tender tie
But here, dissolved, its reliques lie !
O when thou seest some mourner's veil
Shroud her thin form and visage pale,
Or mark'st the Matron's bursting tears
Stream when the stricken drum she hears,
Or seest how manlier grief, suppressed,
Is labouring in a father's breast,—
With no inquiry vain pursue
The cause, but think on Waterloo !

Period of honour as of woes,
What bright careers 'twas thine to close !—
Marked on thy roll of blood what names,
To Britain's memory, and to Fame's,
Laid there their last immortal claims !
Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire
Redoubted Picton's soul of fire—
Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
All that of Ponsonby could die—
De Lancy change Love's bridal wreath
For laurels from the hand of death—
Saw'st gallant Miller's failing eye
Still bent where Albion's banners fly,
And Cameron, in the shock of steel,
Die like the offspring of Lochiel ;
And generous Gordon, 'mid the strife,
Fall while he watched his leader's life.—
Ah ! though her guardian angel's shield
Fenced Britain's hero through the field,
Fate not the less her power made known,
Through his friends' hearts to pierce his own !

Forgive, brave Dead, th' imperfect lay !
Who may your names, your numbers, say ?
What high-strung harp, what lofty line,
To each the dear-earned praise assign,
From high-born chiefs of martial fame
To the poor soldier's lowlier name ?
Lightly ye rose, that dawning day,
From your cold couch of swamp and clay,
To fill, before the sun was low,
The bed that morning cannot know.—
Oft may the tear the green sod steep,
And sacred be the hero's sleep,
Till Time shall cease to run ;
And ne'er beside their noble grave
May Briton pass, and fail to crave
A blessing on the fallen brave
Who fought with Wellington !

Farewell, sad Field ! whose blighted face
Wears desolation's withering trace ;
Long shall my memory retain
Thy shattered huts and trampled grain,
With every mark of martial wrong,
That scathe thy towers, fair Hougomont !
Yet though thy garden's green arcade
The marksman's fatal post was made,
Though on thy shattered beeches fell
The blended rage of shot and shell,
Though from thy blackened portals torn,
Their fall thy blighted fruit-trees mourn,
Has not such havoc bought a name
Immortal in the rolls of fame ?

Yes—Agincourt may be forgot,
And Cressy be an unknown spot,
 And Blenheim's name be new;
But still in story and in song,
For many an age remembered long,
Shall live the towers of Hougomont,
 And fields of Waterloo.

BEAUTIES OF MOORE.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM 1630 TO 1800

THE
BEAUTIES
 OF
THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

NOURMAHAL.

As the Conqueror rov'd
 By the banks of that Lake, with his only belov'd,
 He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch
 From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,
 And preferr'd in his heart the least ringlet that curl'd
 Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world'

There's a beauty, forever unchangingly bright,
 Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer day's light,
 Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
 Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.
 This *was* not the beauty—oh! nothing like this,
 That to young NOURMAHAL gave such magic of bliss;
 But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
 Like the light upon Autumn's soft shadowy days;
 Now here, and now there, giving warmth as it flies
 From the lips to the cheeks, from the cheek to the eyes,

Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint hath of Heav'n in his dreams !
When pensive it seem'd as if that very grace,
That charm of all others, was born with her face ;
And when angry,—for ev'n in the tranquildest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes—
The short passing anger but seemed to awaken
New beauty like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.
If tenderness touched her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy reveal-
ings
From innermost shrines, came the light of her feel-
ings !
Then her mirth—oh ! 'twas sportive as ever took
wing
From the heart with a burst, like a wild-bird in
Spring ;—
Illum'd by a wit that would fascinate sages,
Yet playful as Peris just loos'd from their cages.
While her laugh, full of life, without any control
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul ;
And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
In lip, cheek or eyes, for she brightened all over,—
Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.
Such, such were the peerless enchantments that gave
NOURMAHAL the proud Lord of the East, for her slave ;
And though bright was his Harem,—a living parterre
Of the flow'rs* of this planet—though treasures were
there,

* In the Malay language the same word signifies women and flowers.

For which SOLIMAN'S self might have giv'n all his
store
That the navy from OPHIR e'er wing'd to his shore,
Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,
And the Light of his Haram was young NOURMAHAL !

HAFED.

Who is he, that wields the might
Of Freedom on the Green Sea brink,
Before whose sabre's dazzling light
The eyes of YEMEN'S warriors wink ?
Who comes embower'd in the spears
Of KERMEN'S hardy mountaineers ?—
Those mountaineers, that truest, last,
Cling to their country's ancient rites,
As if that God whose eye-lids cast
Their closing gleams on IRAN'S heights,
Among her snowy mountains threw
The last light of his worship too !
'Tis HAFED—name of fear, whose sound
Chills like the muttering of a charm ;—
Shout but that awful name around,
And palsy shakes the manliest arm.
'Tis HAFED, most accurst and dire
(So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)
Of all the rebel Sons of Fire !
Of whose malign tremendous power
The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,
Such tales of fearful wonder tell,
That each affrighted sentinel

Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,
Lest HAFED in the midst should rise !
A man, they say, of monstrous birth,
A mingled race of flame and earth,
Sprung from these old, enchanted kings,
Who in their fairy helms of yore,
A feather from the mystic wings
Of the Simoorgh resistless wore ;
And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,
Who groan to see their shrines expire,
With charms that, all in vain withstood
Would drown the Koran's light in blood !

Such were the tales that won belief,
And such the colouring Fancy gave
To a young, warm and dauntless Chief,—
One who, no more than mortal brave,
Fought for the land his soul ador'd,
For happy homes, and altars free,—
His only talisman, the sword,
His only spell-word Liberty !
One of that ancient hero line,
Along whose glorious current shine
Names that have sanctified their blood.
As LEBANON's small mountain-flood
Is render'd holy by the ranks
Of sainted cedars on its banks !
'Twas not for him to crouch the knee
Tamely to Moslem tyranny,—
'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast
In the bright mould of ages past,
Whose melancholy spirit, fed
With all the glories of the dead,

Though fram'd for IRAN's happiest years,
Was born among her chains and tears!
'Twas not for him to swell the crowd
Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow'd
Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,
Like shrubs beneath the poison blast—
No—far he fled—indignant fled
The pageant of his country's shame;
While every tear her children shed
Fell on his soul like drops of flame;
And as a lover hails the dawn
Of a first smile, so welcom'd he
The sparkle of the first sword drawn
For vengeance and for liberty!

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
Had caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
"Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall:
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of Heaven out-blooms them all?"

Though sunny the lake of cool CASHMERE,
With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall ;
Though bright are the waters of SING-SU-HAY,
And the golden floods, that thitherward stray,
Yet--oh 'tis only the blest can say
How the waters of Heaven outshine them all !

Go wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall ;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of Heaven is worth them all !”

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping ;
And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flow'r, which—Bramins say—
Blooms no where but in Paradise !
“Nymph of a fair, but erring line !”
Gently he said—“ One hope is thine,
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
*The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this eternal Gate
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven !*
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin :—
'Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in !”

Rapidly as comets run
 To th' embraces of the Sun :—
 Fleeter than the starry brands,
 Flung at night from angel hands*
 At those dark and daring sprites,
 Who would climb th' empyreal heights,
 Down the blue vault the PERI flies,
 And, lighted earthward by a glance
 That just then broke from morning's eyes,
 Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
 To find this gift for heav'n?—"I know
 The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
 In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
 Beneath the pillars of CHILMIRAR;†—
 I know where the Isles of Perfume are
 Many a fathom down in the sea,
 To the south of sun-bright ARABY;‡—
 I know too where the Genii hid
 The jewell'd cup of their King JAMSHID,§
 With Life's elixir sparkling high—
 But gifts like these are not for the sky.
 Where was there ever a gem that shone
 Like the steps of ALLA's wonderful Throne?

* "The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the fire-brands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyreum or verge of the Heavens."—*Fryer*.

† The Forty Pillars: so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Balbec were built by Genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there.—*D'Herbelot, Volney*.

‡ The Isles of Panchaia.

§ "The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis."—*Richardson*

And the Drops of Life—oh ! what would they be
In the boundless Deep of Eternity ?”

While thus she mus'd, her pinions fann'd
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm ; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds ;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem ;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides ;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise !
But crimson now her rivers ran

With human blood—the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And many, the sacrifice of man,

Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers !
Land of the Sun ! what foot invades
Thy Pagods and thy pillar'd shades—
Thy cavern shrines, and Idol stones,
Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones ?
'Tis He of GAZNA !—fierce in wrath

He comes, and INDIA's diadems
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—

His blood-hounds he adorns with gems,
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and lov'd Sultana ;*—
Maidens within their pure Zenana,

* It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmood was so magnificent, that he kept four hundred grey-hounds and blood-hounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls.”—*Universal History*, vol. iii.

Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And choaks up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters !

Downward the PERI turns her gaze,
And, through the war-field's bloody haze
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
Alone, beside his native river,—
The red blade broken in his hand
And the last arrow in his quiver.

“Live,” said the Conqueror, “live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear !”

Silent that youthful warrior stood—

Silent he pointed to the flood

All crimson with his country's blood,

Then sent his last remaining dart,

For answer to th' Invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well ;

The Tyrant liv'd, the Hero fell !—

Yet mark'd the PERI where he lay,

And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray

Of morning light, she caught the last—

Last glorious drop his heart had shed,

Before its free-born spirit fled !

“Be this,” she cried, as she wing'd her flight,

My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.

Though foul are the drops that oft distil

On the field of warfare, blood like this,

For Liberty shed, so holy is,

It would not stain the purest rill,

That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss !

Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
"Sweet is our welcome of the Brave
Who die thus for their native Land.—
But see—alas!—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than ev'n this drop the boon must be,
That opens the Gates of Heav'n for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among AFRIC'S Lunar Mountains,
Far to the South, the PERI lighted;
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide,—whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth,
Deep in those solitary woods,
Where oft the Genii of the Floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the new-born Giant's smile!
Thence, over EGYPT'S palmy groves,
Her grots, and sepulchres of Kings
The exil'd Spirit sighing roves;
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm ROSETTA'S vale—now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of MÆRIS' Lake.
'Twas a fair scene—a Land more bright

Never did mortal eye behold !
Who could have thought, that saw this night
Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in heav'n's serenest light ;—
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
Warns them to their silken beds ;—
Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved Sun's awake ;—
Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream ;
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting
Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)
Some purple-wing'd Sultana* sitting
Upon a column, motionless
And glittering, like an idol bird !—
Who could have thought, that there, ev'n there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red Desert's sands of flame !
So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,

* "That beautiful bird, with the plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple beak and legs, the natural and living ornament of the temples and palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which, from the stateliness of its port, as well as the brilliancy of its colours, has obtained the title of Sultana."—*Sonnini*.

Like plants, where the Simoom hath past,
At once falls black and withering !

The sun went down on many a brow,
Which, full of bloom and freshness then
Is rankling in the pest-house now
And ne'er will feel that sun again !
And oh ! to see the unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey !
Only the fierce hyæna stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies—
Wo to the half-dead wretch, who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
Amid the darkness of the streets !

“Poor race of Men!” said the pitying Spirit,
“Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall—
Some flowrets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!”
She wept---the air grew pure and clear
Around her, as the bright drops ran;
For there's a magic in each tear,
Such kindly Spirits weep for man !

Just then beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by the lake, she heard the moan

Of one who, at this silent hour,
Had thither stol'n to die alone.
One who in life, where'er he mov'd,
Drew after him the hearts of many ;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were lov'd,
Dies here, unseen, unwept by any !
None to watch near him—none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake,
Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice, well-known through many a day,
To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
Is still like distant music heard.
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth ! one thought alone
Shed joy around his soul in death—
That she, whom he for years had known,
And lov'd, and might have called his own,
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath;—
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
Freshly perfum'd by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.
But see,—who yonder comes by stealth,
This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?

'Tis she,—far off, through moonlight dim,

He knew his own betrothed bride,

She, who would rather die with him,

Than live to gain the world beside!—

Her arms are round her lover now,

His livid cheek to hers she presses,

And dips, to bind his burning brow,

In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.

Ah! once, how little did he think

An hour would come, when he should shrink

With horror from that dear embrace,

Those gentle arms, that were to him

Holy as is the cradling place

Of Eden's infant cherubim!

And now he yields—now turns away,

Shuddering as if the venom lay

All in those preffer'd lips alone—

Those lips that, then so fearless grown,

Never until that instant came

Near his unask'd or without shame.

“Oh! let me only breath the air,

The blessed air that's breath'd by thee,

And, whether on its wings it bear

Healing, or death, 'tis sweet to me;

There, drink my tears, while yet they fall,—

Would that my bosom's blood were balm,

And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,

To give thy brow one minute's calm.

Nay, turn not from me that dear face—

Am I not thine—thy own lov'd bride—

The one, the chosen one, whose place

In life or death is by thy side!

Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
That must be hers, when thou art gone?
That I can live, and let thee go,
Who art my life itself?—No, no,—
When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too!
Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
Before like thee I fade and burn;
Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
The last pure life that lingers there!"
She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern-damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes!
One struggle—and his pain is past—
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the PERI, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—
"Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
Who sings at the last his own death-lay,*
And in music and perfume dies away!"

* "In the East, they suppose the Phoenix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seem'd
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves, in odour sleeping ;—
While that benevolent PERI beam'd
Like their good angel, calmly keeping
Watch o'er them, till their souls would waken !
But morn is blushing in the sky ;
Again the PERI soars above,
Bearing to Heav'n that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throb'd her heart, with hope elate,
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smil'd as she gave that offering in ;
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden, with their crystal bells
Ring in that ambrosial breeze
That from the throne of ALLA swells ;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted Souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take !
But ah ! ev'n Peri's hopes are vain—
Again the Fates forbade, again
Th' immortal barrier clos'd—"not yet,"
The Angel said, as, with regret,

air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself."—*Richardson*.

He shut from her that glimpse of glory.—
“ True was the maiden, and her story
Written in light o’er ALLA’S head,
By Seraph eyes shall long be read.
But PERI, see—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than ev’n this sigh the boon must be
That opes the Gates of Heav’n for thee.”

Now, upon SYRIA’S land of roses
Softly the light of Eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted LEBANON ;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look’d from upper air
O’er all th’ enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below !
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sun-light falls ;—
Gay lizards glittering on the walls
Of ruin’d shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light ;—
And yet more splendid, numerous flocks,
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam

Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
Th' unclouded skies of PERISTAN?
And then, the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of PALESTINE,
 Banquetting through the flowery vales;—
And, JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine,
 And woods, so full of nightingales!

But nought can charm the luckless PERI:
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
Joyless she sees the sun look down,
On that great Temple, once his own,
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
 Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizzard Time,
 Had rais'd to count his ages by!

Yet happily there may lie conceal'd
 Beneath those Chambers of the Sun;
Some amulet of gems anneal'd
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
 With the great name of SOLOMON,
 Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean lies the boon,
The charm that can restore so soon,
 An erring Spirit to the skies!

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;—
 Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,

Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither ;
When, o'er the vale of BALBEC winging,
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they ;
Chasing with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel flies,
That flutter'd round the Jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems ;—
And, near the boy, who, tir'd with play
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
 Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd !
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire !
In which the PERI's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed ;
The ruin'd maid---the shrine profan'd—
Oaths broken---and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests !—*there* written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again !

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time

Softened his spirit,) look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play :—
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance,

Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches, that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark ! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of day-light sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,

From SYRIA's thousand minarets !
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon a fragrant sod

Kneels with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again !

Oh 'twas a sight—that Heaven—that Child—
A scene, which might have well beguil'd
Ev'n haughty EBLIS of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by !

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man,
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,

Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace!
“There *was* a time,” he said in mild,
Heart-humbled tones—“thou blessed child!
When young and haply pure as thou,
I look’d and pray’d like thee—but now—”
He hung his head—each nobler aim
And hope, and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood’s hour, that instant came
Fresh o’er him and he wept! he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

“There’s a drop,” said the PERI, “that down from
the moon
Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon EGYPT’S land* of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that ev’n in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies!—
Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispell’d them all.”

And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child’s side, in humble prayer,

* The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on Saint John’s day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

While the same sun-beam shines upon
 The guilty and the guiltless one,
 And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
 The triumph of a Soul forgiven !

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
 While on their knees they linger'd yet,
 There fell a light more lovely far
 Than ever came from sun or star,
 Upon the tear, that warm and meek,
 Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek :
 To mortal eye this light might seem
 A northern flash, a meteor beam—
 But well the enraptur'd PERI knew
 'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
 From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
 Her Harbinger of glory near !

“ Joy, joy for ever ! my task is done—
 The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won !
 O ! am I not happy ? I am, I am—
 To thee, sweet Eden ! how dark and sad
 Are the diamond turrets of SHADUKIAM,
 And the fragrant bowers of AMBERABAD !
 Farewell, ye odours of Earth, that die,
 Passing away like a lover's sigh ;—
 My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,*
 Whose scent is the breath of Eternity !

* The tree Tooba that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet. *Salc's Prelim. Disc.* Tooba, says *D'Herbelot*, signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness.

Farewell ye vanishing flowers, that shone
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief,—
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
To the lote-tree, springing by ALLA's Throne,*
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!
Joy, joy forever!—my task is done—
The Gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!"

FANATICISM:

OH! the lover may
Distrust that look which steals his soul away:
The babe may cease to think that it can play
With heav'n's rainbow: alchymists may doubt
The shining gold, their crucible gives out;—
But faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

REBELLION.

FOUL, dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.
How many a spirit, born to bless,
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom, but a day's, an hour's success
Had wafted to eternal fame!

* Mahomet is described, in the 53d chapter of the Koran, as having seen the Angel Gabriel, "by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing; near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode." This tree, say the commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the throne of God.

HINDA.

High above those rocks
That o'er the deep their shadows fling,
Yon turret stands; where ebon locks,
As glossy as a heron's wing
Upon the turban of a King,
Hang from the lattice, long and wild,—
'Tis she, that EMIR's blooming child,
All truth and tenderness and grace,
Though born of such ungentle race;
An image of Youth's radiant Fountain
Springing in a desolate mountain!
Oh what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty, curtained from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—
The flower, that blooms beneath the sea
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity!
So HINDA, have thy face and mind,
Like holy mysteries, lain enshrin'd.
And oh what transports for a lover
To lift the veil that shades them o'er!—
Like those who, all at once discover
In the lone deep some fairy shore,
Where mortal never trod before,
And sleep and wake in scented airs
No lip had ever breath'd but theirs!
Beautiful are the maids that glide
On summer eves, through YEMEN's dales;

And bright the glancing looks they hide
Behind their litters' roseate veils ;—
And brides, as delicate and fair
As the white jasmin'd flowers they wear,
Hath YEMEN in her blissful clime,
Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower,
Before their mirrors count the time,
And grow still lovelier every hour.
But never yet hath bride or maid
In ARABY's gay Harams smil'd,
Whose boasted brightness would not fade,
Before AL HASSAN's blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless
An infant's dream, yet not the less
Rich in all woman's loveliness ;—
With eyes so pure, that from their ray
Dark Vice would turn abash'd away,
Blinded like serpents when they gaze
Upon the emerald's virgin blaze !—
Yet, fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,
Mingle the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds with all the bliss,
'The fond, weak tenderness of this !
A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion's soften'd glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere !

Such is the maid who, at this hour,
Hath risen from her restless sleep,
And sits alone in that high bower,
Watching the still and shining deep.

MELODIES.

I.

THERE breathes the language known and felt,
Far as the pure air spreads its living zone :
Wherever rage can rouse, or Pity melt,
That language of the soul is felt and known.
From those meridian plains,
Where oft, of old, on some high tower,
The soft Peruvian poured his midnight strains,
And called his distant love with such sweet power,
That when she heard the well known lay,
No worlds could keep her from his arms away.

To those bleak realms of polar night,
Where the youth of Lapland's sky,
Bids his rapid reindeer fly,
And sings, along the darkling waste of snow;
As blithe as if the blessed light
Of vernal Phœbus burn'd upon his brow.
Oh Music! thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same ;
And, faithful as the mighty sea
To the pale star that o'er its realms presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passions rise and fall from thee.

(Greek Air.)

List ! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,
While, from Ilyssus' silvery springs,
She draws the cool lymph in her graceful urn,
While, by her side, in Music's charm dissolving,
Some patriot youth, the glorious past revolving,
Dreams of bright days that never can return ;
When Athens nurs'd her olive-bough
With hands by tyrant power unchained,
And braided for the Muse's brow
A wreath by tyrant touch unstained ;
When heroes trod each classic field,
Where coward feet now faintly falter,
And every arm was Freedom's shield,
And every heart was Freedom's altar.

(Greek Air, interrupted by a trumpet.)

Hark ! 'tis the sound that charms
The war-steed's wakening ears—
Oh—many a mother folds her arms
Round her boy-soldier, when that sound she hears,
And, tho' her fond heart sinks with fears,
Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
With valour's fever at the sound.—
See ! from his native hills afar
The rude Helvetian flies to war,
Careless for what, for whom he fights,
For slave or despot, wrongs or rights,
A conqueror oft, a hero never ;
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if 'twere like his mountain-rill,
And gushed for ever !

Oh Music ! here, even here,
Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wonderous power ;
There is an air, which oft among the rocks
Of his own loved land at evening hour
Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their flocks ;
Oh ! every note of it would thrill his mind
With tenderest thoughts, and bring about his knees
The rosy children whom he left behind,
And fill each little angel eye
With speaking tears, that ask him, why
He wandered from his hut to scenes like these ?
Vain, vain, is then the trumpet's brazen roar,
Sweet notes of home, of love, are all he hears,
And the stern eyes that looked for blood before,
Now, melting, mournful, lose themselves in tears !

(Ranz des Vaches, interrupted by a trumpet.)

But wake the trumpet's blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warrior-men !
Oh War ! when Truth thy arm employs,
And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring storm,
Thy vengeance takes a hallowed form,
And, like heaven's lightning, sacredly destroys.
Nor, Music ! through thy breathing sphere
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
Of HIM who made all harmony,
Than the blest sound of fetters breaking,
And the first hymn, that man awaking
From slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty.

(Spanish Patriot's Song.)

Hark ! from Spain, indignant Spain,
Bursts the bold enthusiast strain,

Like morning's music on the air,
And seems, in every note, to swear,
By Saragossa's ruined streets,
By brave Gerona's deathful story,
That while on Spaniard's life-blood beats,
That blood shall stain a conqueror's glory!

(Spanish Air concluded.)

But ah! if vain the patriot Spaniard's zeal,
If neither valour's force, nor wisdom's lights,
Can break nor melt the blood-cemented seal
That shuts too close the book of Europe's rights,
What song shall then in sadness tell
Of broken pride, of prospects shaded,
Of buried hopes remembered well,
Of ardour quenched, and honour faded;
What muse shall mourn the breathless brave,
In sweetest dirge at memory's shrine;
What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave?

Oh! Erin, thine.

(Melancholy Irish Air, succeeded by a lively one.)

Blest notes of mirth! ye spring from sorrow's lay,
Like the sweet vester of the bird that sings
In the bright sunset of an April day,
While the cold shower yet hangs upon his wings.
Long may the Irish heart repeat
An echo to those lively strains;
And when the stranger's ear shall meet
That melody on distant plains,
Oh! he will feel his soul expand
With grateful warmth, and, sighing, say—
Thus speaks the music of the land,
Where welcome ever lights the stranger's way;

Where still the wo of others to beguile,
Is e'en the gayest heart's most lov'd employ ;
Where Grief herself will generously smile,
Thro' her own tears, to share another's joy !

II.

FROM CHINDARA'S* warbling fount I come,
Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell ;
From CHINDARA'S fount, my fairy home,
Where in music, morn and night, I dwell ;
Where lutes in the air are heard about,
And voices are singing the whole day long,
And every sigh the heart breathes out
Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song
Hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly !
And the passionate strains that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too !

* " A fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be constantly playing."—*Richardson*.

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
The Spirits of past delight obey ;—
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
And they come, like Genii, hovering round.
And mine is the gentle song that bears,
From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.*

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
The past, the present, and future of pleasure ;
When memory links the tone that is gone
With the blissful tone that's still in the ear ;
And hope from a heavenly note flies on
To a note more heavenly still that is near !

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,
Can as downy soft and as yielding be
As his own white plume, that high and 'mid death
Through the field has shown—yet moves with a breath.

And, oh how the eyes of Beauty glisten,
When music has reach'd her inward soul,
Like the silent stars, that wink and listen
While heaven's eternal melodies roll !

So hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

* "The Pampadour pigeon is the species, which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree."—v. *Brown's Illustr.* Tab. 19.

III.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer !
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still
here ;

Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last !

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torments, through glory
and shame ?

I knew not, I ask'd not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art !

Thou hast call'd me thy angel, in moments of bliss,—
Still thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too !

IV.

OH ! the days are gone, when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove

When my dream of life from morn till night,

Was love, still love !

New hope may bloom,

And days may come,

Of milder, calmer beam ;

But there's nothing half so sweet in life,

As love's young dream !

Oh ! there's nothing half so sweet in life,

As love's young dream !

Though the bard to a purer fame may soar,
 When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise who frown'd before,
 To smile at last;
 He'll never meet
 A joy so sweet
 In all his noon of fame,
As when at first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blushed to hear
 The one lov'd name !

Oh ! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
 Which first love trac'd !
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On memory's waste !
 'Twas odour fled
 As soon as shed,
 'Twas morning's winged dream !
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream !
Oh ! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream.

V.

WHEN cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,
 Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or, if from their slumber the veil be removed,
 Weep o'er them in silence and close it again.
And oh ! if 'tis pain to remember how far
 From the pathway of light he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
 That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revealing, that taught him true love to adore,—
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
From the idols he darkly had knelt to before,
O'er the waves of a life long benighted and wild,
Thou cam'st like a soft golden calm o'er the sea ;
And, if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

And tho' sometimes the shade of past folly would rise
And tho' falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood soon vanish'd away.
As the priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair :
So if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there !

VI.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet ;
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh ! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made each scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the blest charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Ovoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world
 should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace !

NAMOUNA, THE ENCHANTRESS.

ONE,

O'er whom his race the golden sun
For unremember'd years has run,
Yet never saw her blooming brow
Younger or fairer than 'tis now.
Nay, rather, as the west-wind's sigh,
Freshens the flower it passes by,
Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing o'er,
To leave her lovelier than before.
Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,
And when, as oft, she spoke or sung

Of other worlds, there came a light
From her dark eyes so strangely bright,
That all believ'd nor man nor earth
Were conscious of NAMOUNA's birth !
All spells and talismans she knew,
 From the great Mantra,* which around

* "He is said to have found the great *Mantra*, spell or talisman, through which he ruled over the elements and spirits of all denominations."—*Wilford*.

The Air's sublimer Spirits drew,
To the gold gems* of AFRIC.—

* * * * *

In short, all flowrets and all plants,
From the divine Amrita tree,†
That blesses heaven's inhabitants
With fruits of immortality,
Down to the basil tuft, that waves
Its fragrant blossoms over graves,
And to the humble rosemary
Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
To scent the desert.‡—

'Twas, indeed, the perfume shed
From flowers and scented flame that fed
Her charmed life—for none had e'er
Beheld her taste of mortal fare,
Nor ever in aught earthly dip,
But the morns' dew, her roseate lip.

* "The gold jewels of Jinnie, which are called by the Arabs El Herrez, from the supposed charm they contain."—*Jackson*.

† This name is applied by the Asiatics to the largest and richest sort of the Jumbu or rose apple tree.—*Sir W. Jones*.

‡ In the great desert are found many stalks of lavender and rosemary.—*Asiat. Res.*

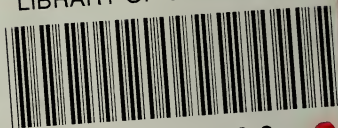
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